THE PLAIN-DEALER.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal.

Written by Mr. WYCHERLEY.

The Fifth Edition.

HORAT.

——*Ridiculum acri*
Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat res.

Licenſed *Jan.* 9. 1676.
ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

LONDON,
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MDCXCI.

To my LADY B——

Madam,

THO' I never had the Honour to receive a Favour from you, nay, or be known to you, I take the confidence of an Author to write to you a Billiet doux Dedicatory; which is no new thing, for by moſt Dedications it appears, that Authors, though they praiſe their Patrons from top to toe, and ſeem to turn 'em inſide out, know 'em as little as ſometimes their Patrons their Books, tho' they read them out; and if the Poetical Daubers did not write the Name of the Man or Woman on top of the Picture, 'twere impoſſible to gueſs whoſe it were. But you, Madam, without the help of a Poet, have made your ſelf known and famous in the World; and becauſe you do not want it, are therefore moſt worthy an Epiſtle Dedicatory. And this Play claims naturally your Protection, ſince it has loſt its Reputation with the Ladies of ſtricter lives in the Play-houſe; and (you know) when Mens Endeavours are diſcountenanc'd and refus'd, by the nice coy Women of Honour, they come to you. To you the Great and Noble Patroneſs of rejected and baſhful Men, of which number I profeſs my ſelf to be one, though a Poet, a Dedicating Poet: To you I ſay, Madam, who have as diſcerning a judgment, in what's obſcene or not, as any quick-ſighted civil Perſon of 'em all, and can make as much of a double meaning ſaying as the beſt of 'em; yet would not, as ſome do, make nonſenſe of a Poet's Jeſt, rather than not make it baudy: by which they ſhew they as little value Wit in a Play, as in a Lover, provided they can bring t'other thing about. Their ſenſe indeed lies all one way, and therefore are only for that in a Poet which is moving, as they ſay; But what do they mean by that word moving? Well, I muſt not put 'em to the bluſh, ſince I find I can do't. In ſhort, Madam, you wou'd not be one of thoſe who raviſh a Poet's innocent words, and make 'em guilty of their own naughtineſs,

tiness (as 'tis term'd) in spight of his teeth; nay, nothing is secure from the power of their imaginations; no, not their Husbands, whom they Cuckold with themselves, by thinking of other men, and so make the lawful matrimonial embraces Adultery; wrong Husbands and Poets in thought and word, to keep their own Reputations; but your Ladyships justice, I know, wou'd think a Woman's Arraigning and Damning a Poet for her own obscenity, like her crying out a Rape, and hanging a Man for giving her pleasure, only that she might be thought not to consent to't; and so to vindicate her Honour, forfeits her modesty. But you, Madam; have too much modesty to pretend to't; tho' you have as much to say for your modesty as many a nicer she; for you never were seen at this Play, no, not the first day; and 'tis no matter what Peoples Lives have been, they are unquestionably modest who frequent not this Play, For as Mr. Bays says of his, That it is the only Touchstone of Mens Wit, and understanding; mine is, it seems, the only Touchstone of Womens Virtue and modesty. But hold, that Touchstone is equivocal, and, by the strength of a Lady's imagination, may become something that is not civil; but your Ladyship, I know, scorns to misapply a Touchstone. And, Madam, tho' you have not seen this Play, I hope (like other nice Ladies) you will the rather read it: yet, lest the Chamber-maid, or Page shou'd not be trusted, and their indulgences cou'd gain no further admittance for it, than to their Ladies Lobbies or outward Room, take it into your care and Protection; for by your recommendation and procurement, it may have the honour to get into their Closets: For what they renounce in publick often entertains 'em there, with your help especially. In fine, Madam, for these and many other reasons, you are the fittest Patroness or Judge of this Play; for you shew no partiality to this or that Author; for from some many Ladies will take a broad jest as chearfully as from the Watermen, and sit at some downright filthy Plays (as they call 'em) as well satisfied, and as still, as a Poet cou'd wish 'em else where; therefore it must be the doubtful obscenity of my Plays alone they take exceptions at, because it is too bashful for 'em; and indeed most Women hate Men for attempting to halves on their Chastity: and Baudy I find, like Satyr, shou'd be home, not to have it taken notice of. But, now I mention Satyr, some there are who say, 'Tis the Plain dealing of the Play;

not

not the obſcenity; 'tis taking off the Ladies Masks, not offering at their Petticoats, which offends 'em: and generally they are not the handſomeſt, or moſt innocent, who are the moſt angry at being diſcover'd:

——————Nihil eſt audacius illis
Deprehenſis; iram, atq; animos a crimine ſumunt

Pardon, Madam, the Quotation, for a Dedication can no more be without ends of Latine, than Flattery; and 'tis no matter whom it is writ to; for an Author can as eaſily (I hope) ſuppoſe People to have more underſtanding and Languages than they have, as well as more Virtues: but why, the Devil! ſhou'd any of the few modeſt and handſome be alarm'd? (for ſome there are who as well as any deſerve thoſe attributes, yet refrain not from ſeeing this Play, nor think it any addition to their Virtue to ſet up for it in a Play-houſe, leſt it ſhou'd look too much like acting.) But why, I ſay, ſhou'd any at all of the truly virtuous be concern'd, if thoſe who are not ſo are diſtinguiſh'd from 'em? For by that Mask of modeſty which Women wear promiſcuouſly in publick, they are all alike, and you can no more know a kept Wench from a Woman of Honour by her Looks than by her Dreſs; for thoſe who are of Quality without Honour (if any ſuch there are) they have their Quality to ſet off their falſe modeſty, as well as their falſe Jewels, and you muſt no more ſuſpect their Countenances for counterfeit than their Pendants, though as the Plain-dealer Montaigne *ſays,* Eles envoyent leur conſcience au Bordel, & teinnent leur contenance en regle: *But thoſe who act as they look, ought not to be ſcandalized at the reprehenſion of others faults, leſt they tax themſelves with 'em, and by too delicate and quick an apprehenſion not only make that obſcene which I meant innocent, but that Satyr on all, which was intended only on thoſe who deſerv'd it. But, Madam, I beg your pardon for this digreſſion, to civil Women and Ladies of Honour, ſince you and I ſhall never be the better for 'em; for a Comic Poet, and a Lady of your profeſſion, make moſt of the other ſort, and the Stage and your Houſes, like our Plantations, are propagated by the leaſt nice Women; and as with the Miniſters of Juſtice, the Vices of the Age are our beſt buſineſs. But now*

I men-

I mention Publick Persons, I can no longer defer doing you the Justice of a Dedication, and telling you your own; who are, of all publick-spirited People, the most necessary, most communicative, most generous and hospitable; your house has been the house of the People, your Sleep still disturb'd for the Publick, and when you arose, 'twas that others might lye down, and you waked that others might rest; the good you have done is unspeakable; How many young unexperienc'd Heirs have you kept from rash foolish Marriages? and from being jilted for their lives by the worst sort of Jilts, Wives? How many unbewitch'd Widowers Children have you preserved from the Tyranny of Stepmothers? How many old Dotards from Cuckoldage, and keeping other mens Wenches and Children? How many Adulteries and unnatural Sins have you prevented? In fine, you have been a constant scourge to the old Lecher, and often a terrour to the young; you have made concupiscence it's own punishment, and extinguished Lust with Lust, like blowing up of Houses to stop the fire.

Nimirum propter continentiam, incontinentia
Necessaria est, incendium ignibus extinguitur.

There's Latin *for you again, Madam; I protest to you, as I am an Author, I cannot help it; nay, I can hardly keep my self from quoting* Aristotle *and* Horace, *and talking to you of the Rules of Writing (like the* French *Authors,) to shew you and my Reader I understand 'em, in my Epistle, lest neither of you shou'd find it out by the Play; and according to the Rules of Dedications, 'tis no matter whether you understand or no, what I quote or say to you, of Writing; for an Author can as easily make any one a Judge or Critick, in an Epistle, as an Hero in his Play; But, Madam, that this may prove to the end a true Epistle Dedicatory, I'd have you know 'tis not without a design upon you, which is in the behalf of the Fraternity of* Parnassus, *that Songs and Sonnets may go at your Houses, and in your Liberties, for Guineys and half Guineys; and that Wit, at least with you, as of old, may be the price of Beauty, and so you will prove a true encourager of Poetry, for Love is a better help to it than Wine; and Poets, like Painters, draw better after the life, than by Fancy; Nay, in justice, Madam, I think a Poet ought to be as free of your Houses, as of the Play-Houses: since*

he

he contributes to the support of both, and is as necessary to such as you, as a Ballad-singer to the Pick-purse, in convening the Cullies at the Theatres, to be pick'd up, and carry'd to a Supper and Bed at your Houses. And, Madam, the reason of this motion of mine is, because poor Poets can get no favour in the Tyring-Rooms, for they are no Keepers, you know; and Folly and Money, the old Enemies of Wit, are even too hard for it on its own Dunghill: And for other Ladies, a Poet can least go to the price of them; besides his Wit, which ought to recommend him to 'em, is as much an obstruction to his Love, as to his Wealth or Preferment; for most Women now adays, apprehend Wit in a Lover, as much as in a Husband; they hate a Man that knows 'em, they must have a blind easie Fool, whom they can lead by the Nose, and as the Scythian *Women of old, must baffle a Man, and put out his Eyes, e're they will lye with him; and then too, like Thieves, when they have plunder'd and stript a Man, leave him. But if there should be one of an hundred of those Ladies generous enough to give her self to a Man that has more Wit than Money, (all things consider'd) he would think it cheaper coming to you for a Mistress, though you made him pay his Guiney; as a Man in a Journey, (out of good husbandry) had better pay for what he has in an Inn, than lye on free-cost at a Gentlemans House.*

In fine, Madam, like a Faithful Dedicator, I hope I have done my self right in the first place, then you, and your profession, which in the wisest and most Religious Government of the World, is honour'd with the publick allowance; and in those that are thought the most unciviliz'd and barbarous, is protected, and supported by the Ministers of Justice; and of you, Madam, I ought to say no more here, for your Virtues deserve a Poem rather than an Epistle, or a Volume intire to give the World your Memoirs, or Life at large, and which (upon the word of an Author that has a mind to make an end of his Dedication) I promise to do, when I write the Annals of our British Love, which shall be dedicated to the Ladies concern'd, if they will not think them something too obscene too; when your Life, compar'd with many that are thought innocent, I doubt not may vindicate you, and me, to the World, for the confidence I have taken in this Address to you; which then may be thought neither impertinent nor immodest; and, whatsoever your Amorous misfortunes have been, none can charge you with that

heinous,

heinous, and worst of Womens Crimes, Hypocrisie; say, in spight of misfortunes or age, you are the same Woman still; though most of your Sex grow Magdalens *at fifty, and as a solid* French *Author has it,*

Apres le Plaisir, vient la peine,
Apres la peine la vertue;

But sure an old Sinners continency is much like a Gamester's forswearing Play, when he had lost all his Money; and Modesty is a kind of a youthful dress, which as it makes a young Woman more amiable, makes an old one more nauseous; a bashful old Woman is like an hopeful old Man; and the affected Chastity of antiquated Beauties is rather a reproach than an honour to 'em, for it shews the Mens Virtue only, not theirs. But you, in fine, Madam, are no more an Hypocrite than I am when I praise you; therefore I doubt not will be thought (even by yours and the Play's Enemies, the nicest Ladies) to be the fittest Patroness for,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,
faithful, humble Servant, and

The Plain-Dealer.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by the

Plain-Dealer.

I The PLAIN-DEALER *am to Act to Day:*
And my rough Part begins before the Play.
First, you who Scribble, yet hate all that Write,
And keep each other Company in ſpite,
As Rivals in your common Miſtreſs, Fame,
And with faint praiſes, one another Damn:
'Tis a good Play (we know) you can't forgive,
But grudge your ſelves, the pleaſure you receive,
Our Scribler therefore bluntly bid me ſay,
He wou'd not have the Wits pleas'd here to day.
Next, you, the fine, loud Gentlemen, o'th' Pit,
Who Damn all Plays; yet, if y'ave any Wit,
'Tis but what here you ſponge, and daily get;
Poets, like Friends to whom you are in Debt,
You hate: and ſo Rooks laugh, to ſee undone
Thoſe puſhing Gameſters whom they live upon.
Well, you are Sparks; and ſtill will be i' th' faſhion:
Rail then, at Plays, to hide your Obligation.
Now, you ſhrewd Judges, who the Boxes ſway,
Leading the Ladies hearts, and ſenſe aſtray,
And, for their ſakes, ſee all, and hear no Play;
Correct your Cravats, Foretops, Lock behind;
The Dreſs and breeding of the Play ne're mind.

PROLOGUE.

Plain-dealing *is, you'll say, quite out of fashion;*
You'll hate it here, as in a Dedication.
And your fair Neighbours, in a Limning Poet,
No more than in a Painter will allow it.
Pictures too like, the Ladies will not please:
They must be drawn too here, like Goddesses.
You, as at Lely's *too, would Truncheon wield,*
And look like Heroes, in a painted Field;
But the course dauber of the coming Scenes,
To follow Life, and Nature only means:
Displays you, as you are: makes his fine Woman
A mercenary Jilt, and true to no Man;
His Men of Wit, and pleasure of the Age,
Are as dull Rogues, as ever cumber'd Stage:
He draws a Friend, only to Custom just;
And makes him naturally break his trust.
I, only, act a Part like none of you;
And yet, you'll say, it is a Fools Part too:
An honest Man; who, like you, never winks
At faults; but unlike you, speaks what he thinks:
The only Fool who ne're found Patron yet;
For Truth is now a fault, as well as Wit.
And where else, but on Stages do we see
Truth pleasing, or rewarded Honesty?
Which our bold Poet does this day in me.
If not to th' Honest, be to th' prosperous kind:
Some Friends at Court let the PLAIN-DEALER *find.*

Some

Some Books Printed for R. Bently.

PLato's *Apologie of* Socrates, *or* Phedo, *two Dialogues concerning the Immortality of Man's Soul.*

A Natural Hiſtory of the Paſſions.
Country Wit.
Sophoniſba.
Nero.
Auguſtus Cæſar.
Abdellazar.
Sir Timothy Tandery.
Madam Fickle.
All Miſtaken.
Engliſh Monſieur.
Tartuffe.
Andromache.
Caliſta.
Forced Marriage.
The Fool turn'd Critick.
Fond Husband.
Plain-Dealer.
Thyeſtes: A Tragedy.
Moral Eſſays, the ſecond Part.
The Policy of the Clergy of France *to deſtroy the Proteſtants.*

English Novels, New.

Zelinda.
Count Brion.
Happy Slave.
The Diſorders of Love.
The ſecond Part of the Happy Slave.
The Pilgrim, in two Parts.
The Princeſs of Montferrat; in two Parts.

French Novels.

Princeſſe Montferrat.
L'Heureux Eſclave, complete en trois Vol.
Mercure Galand, pour l'Année. 1677.
Le Triomphe d'Amour ſur la Deſtinée.
A French Play acted at Whitehall, *Entituled,* Rare-en-tout.

THE PERSONS.

Manly Mr. Hart.	Of an honeſt, ſurly, nice humour, ſuppos'd firſt in the time of the *Dutch* War, to have procur'd the Command of a Ship, out of Honour, not Intereſt; and chuſing a Sea-life, only to avoid the World.
Freeman Mr. Kynaſton.	*Manly's* Lieutenant, a Gentleman well Educated, but of a broken Fortune, a Complier with the Age.
Verniſh Mr. Griffin.	*Manly's* Boſom, and only Friend.
Novel Mr. Clark.	A perr railing Coxcomb, and an admirer of Novelties, makes Love to *Olivia*.
Major Oldfox Mr. Cartwright.	An old impertinent Fop, given to Scribling, makes Love to the *Widow Blackacre*.
My Lord Plauſible Mr. Hains.	A Ceremonious, Supple, Commending Coxcomb, in Love with *Olivia*.
Jerry Blackacre Mr. Charlton.	A true raw Squire under Age, and his Mothers Government, bred to the Law.
Olivia Mrs. Marſhal.	*Manly's* Miſtreſs.
Fidelia Mrs. Boutell.	In Love with *Manly*, and follow'd him to Sea in Man's Cloaths.
Eliza Mrs. Knep.	Couſin to *Olivia*.
Lettice Mrs. Knight.	*Olivia's* Woman.
The Widow Blackacre Mrs. Cory.	A petulant, litigious Widow, always in Law, and Mother to Squire *Jerry*.

Lawyers, Knights of the Poſt, Bayliffs, and Aldermen, a Bookſellers Prentice, a Footboy, Sailors, Waiters, and Attendants.

THE SCENE

LONDON.

The Plain-Dealer.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Captain Manly's *Lodging.*

Enter Captain Manly *ſurlily; and my Lord* Plauſible *following him: and two* Sailors *behind.*

Man. TEll not me (my good Lord *Plauſible*) of your *Decorums*, ſupercilious Forms, and ſlaviſh Ceremonies; your little Tricks, which you the Spaniels of the World do daily over and over, for, and to one another; not out of love or duty, but your ſervile fear.

L. Plauſ. Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are too paſſionate, and I muſt humbly beg your pardon and leave to tell you, they are the Arts and Rules, the Prudent of the World walk by.

Man. Let 'em. But I'll have no Leading-ſtrings, I can walk alone; I hate a Harneſs, and will not tug on in a Faction, kiſſing my Leader behind, that another Slave may do the like to me.

L. Plauſ. What, will you be ſingular then, like no Body? follow Love, and eſteem no Body?

Man. Rather than be general, like you; follow every Body, Court and kiſs every Body; though perhaps at the ſame time, you hate every Body.

L. Plauſ. Why, ſeriouſly with your Pardon, my dear Friend———

Man. With your Pardon, my no Friend, I will not, as you do, whiſper my hatred, or my ſcorn, call a man Fool or Knave, by ſigns or mouths over his ſhoulder, whilſt you have him in your arms; for ſuch as you, like common Whores and Pickpockets, are only dangerous to thoſe you embrace.

L. Plauſ. Such as I! Heavens defend me——upon my Honour———

Man. Upon your Title, my Lord, if you'd have me believe you.

L. Plauſ. Well then, as I am a Perſon of Honour, I never attempted to abuſe, or leſſen any Perſon, in my life.

Man. What, you were afraid?

L. Plauſ. No; but ſeriouſly, I hate to do a rude thing: no, faith, I ſpeak well of all Mankind.

Man. I thought ſo; but know, that the ſpeaking well of all Mankind, is the worſt kind of Detraction; for it takes away the Reputation of the few good

men in the World, by making all alike: now I ſpeak ill of moſt men, becauſe they deſerve it; I that can do a rude thing, rather than an unjuſt thing.

L. Plauſ. Well, tell not me, my dear Friend, what People deſerve, I ne'er mind that; I, like an Author in a Dedication, never ſpeak well of a man for his ſake, but my own; I will not diſparage any man, to diſparage my ſelf; for to ſpeak ill of People behind their backs, is not like a Perſon of Honour: and truly to ſpeak ill of 'em to their faces, is not like a Complaiſant Perſon: But if I did ſay, or do an ill thing to any, it ſhould be ſure to be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

Man. Very well; but I, that am an unmannerly Sea-fellow, if I ever ſpeak well of People, (which is very ſeldom indeed) it ſhould be ſure to be behind their backs; and if I wou'd ſay, or do ill to any, it ſhou'd be to their Faces: I wou'd juſtle a proud, ſtrutting, over-looking Coxcomb, at the head of his Sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him, when he were paſt me; wou'd frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an over-grown Knave of buſineſs, rather than vent my ſpleen againſt him, when his back were turn'd; wou'd give fawning Slaves the Lye, whilſt they embrace or commend me; Cowards, whilſt they brag; call a Raſcal by no other Title, though his Father had left him a Duke's; laugh at fools aloud, before their Miſtreſſes: And muſt deſire People to leave me, when their Viſits grow at laſt as troubleſom, as they were at firſt impertinent.

L. Plauſ. I wou'd not have my Viſits troubleſom.

Man. The only way to be ſure not to have 'em troubleſom, is to make 'em when People are not at home, for your Viſits, like other good turns, are moſt obliging, when made, or done to a man, in his abſence. A Pox why ſhou'd any one, becauſe he has nothing to do, go and diſturb another mans buſineſs?

L. Plauſ. I beg your pardon, my dear Friend. What, you have buſineſs?

Man. If you have any, I wou'd not detain your Lordſhip.

L. Plauſ. Detain me, dear Sir, I can never have enough of your Company.

Man. I'm afraid I ſhou'd be tireſom: I know not what you think.

L. Plauſ. Well, dear Sir, I ſee you wou'd have me gone.

Man. But I ſee you won't: [*Aſide.*

L. Plauſ. Your moſt faithful———

Man. God be w'ye, my Lord.

L. Plauſ. Your moſt humble.———

Man. Farewel.

L. Plauſ. And eternally———

Man. And eternally Ceremony——then the Devil take thee eternally. [*Aſide.*

L. Plauſ. You ſhall uſe no Ceremony, by my life.

Man. I do not intend it.

L. Plauſ. Why do you ſtir then?

Man. Only to ſee you out of doors, that I may ſhut 'em againſt more welcomes.

L. Plauſ. Nay, faith that ſhall not paſs upon your moſt faithful, humble, Servant.

Man. Nor this any more upon me. [*Aſide.*

L. Plauſ.

L. Plauſ. Well, you are too ſtrong for me.

Man. I'de ſooner be viſited by the Plague; for that only wou'd keep a man from viſits, and his doors ſhut. [*Aſide.*

[*Ex. thruſting out my* Lord Plauſible.

Manent Sailers.

1 *Sail.* Here's a finical Fellow, *Jack*! What a brave fair-weather Captain of a Ship he wou'd make!

2 *Sail.* He a Captain of a Ship! it muſt be when ſhe's in the Dock then; for he looks like one of thoſe that get the King's Commiſſions for Hulls to ſell a Kings Ship, when a brave Fellow has fought her almoſt to a long-boat.

1 *Sail.* On my Conſcience then, *Jack*, that's the reaſon our Bully *Tar* ſunk our Ship: not only that the *Dutch* might not have her, but that the Courtiers, who laugh at wooden Legs, might not make her Prize.

2 *Sail.* A Pox of his ſinking, *Tom*, we have made a baſe, broken, ſhort Voyage of it.

1 *Sail.* Ay, your briſk dealers in Honour, always make quick returns with their Ship to the Dock, and their men to the Hoſpitals, 'tis, let me ſee, juſt a Month ſince we ſet out of the River, and the Wind was almoſt as croſs to us, as the *Dutch*.

2 *Sail.* Well, I forgive him ſinking my own poor Trunck, if he wou'd but have given me time and leave to have ſav'd black *Kate* of *Wapping*'s ſmall Venture.

1 *Sail.* Faith I forgive him, ſince, as the Purſer told me, he ſunk the value of five or ſix thouſand pound of his own, with which he was to ſettle himſelf ſomewhere in the *Indies*, for our merry Lieutenant was to ſucceed him in his Commiſſion for the Ship back, for he was reſolv'd never to return again for *England*.

2 *Sail.* So it ſeemed, by his Fighting.

1 *Sail.* No, but he was aweary of this ſide of the World here, they ſay.

2 *Sail.* Ay, or elſe hewou'd not have bid ſo fair for a paſſage into t'other.

1 *Sail.* *Jack*, thou think'ſt thy ſelf in the forecaſtle, thou'rt ſo waggiſh; but I tell you then, he had a mind to go live and bask himſelf on the ſunny ſide of the Globe.

2 *Sail.* What, out of any diſcontent? for he's always as dogged, as an old Tarpaulin, when hindred of a Voyage by a young Pantaloon Captain.

1 *Sail.* 'Tis true, I never ſaw him pleas'd but in the Fight, and then he look'd like one of us, coming from the Pay-table, with a new Lining to our Hats under our Arms.

2. *Sail.* A Pox he's like the *Bay* of *Biſcay*, rough and angry, let the Wind blow where 'twill.

1 *Sail.* Nay, there's no more dealing with him, than with the Land in a Storm, No-near———

2 *Sail.* 'Tis a hurry durry Blade; doſt thou remember after we had tugg'd hard the old leaky Long-boat, to ſave his life, when I welcom'd him aſhore, he gave me a box on the ear, and call'd me fawning Water-dog.

Enter Manly *and* Freeman.

1 *Sail.* Hold thy peace, *Jack*, and ſtand by, the foul weather's coming.

Man. You Raſcal, Dogs, how cou'd this tame thing get through you?

1 *Sail.* Faith, to tell your Honour the truth, we were at Hob in the Hall, and whilſt my Brother and I were quarrelling about a Caſt, he ſlunk by us.

2 *Sail.* He's a ſneaking Fellow I warrant for't.

Man. Have more care for the future, you Slaves; go, and with drawn Cutlaces, ſtand at the Stair-foot, and keep all that ask for me from coming up; ſuppoſe you are guarding the Scuttle to the Powder-room: let none enter here, at your or their peril.

1 *Sail.* No, for the danger wou'd be the ſame; you wou'd blow them and us up, if we ſhou'd.

2 *Sail.* Muſt no one come to you, Sir?

Man. No man, Sir.

1 *Sail.* No man, Sir; but a Woman then, an't like your Honour——

Man. No Woman neither, you impertinent Dog. Wou'd you be Pimping? A Sea Pimp is the ſtrangeſt Monſter ſhe has.

2 *Sail.* Indeed, an't like your Honour, 'twill be hard for us to deny a Woman any thing, ſince we are ſo newly come on ſhore.

1 *Sail.* Well, let no old Woman come up, though it were our Truſting Landlady at *Wapping*.

Man. Wou'd you be witty, you Brandy Casks you? you become a jeſt as ill, as you do a Horſe. Be gone, you Dogs, I hear a noiſe on the Stairs. [*Ex.* Sailors.

Free. Faith, I am ſorry you wou'd let the Fop go, I intended to have had ſome ſport with him.

Man. Sport with him! A Pox then, why did you not ſtay? you ſhou'd have enjoy'd your Coxcomb, and had him to your ſelf for me.

Free. No, I ſhou'd not have car'd for him, without you neither; for the pleaſure which Fops afford, is like that of Drinking, only good when 'tis ſhar'd; and a Fool like a Bottle, which wou'd make you merry in Company, will make you dull alone. But how the Devil cou'd you turn a man of his Quality down Stairs? You uſe a Lord with very little Ceremony, it ſeems.

Man. A Lord! What, thou art one of thoſe who eſteem men only by the marks and value Fortune has ſet upon 'em, and never conſider intrinſick worth; but counterfeit Honour will not be current with me, I weigh the man, not his Title; 'tis not the Kings ſtamp can make the Mettal better, or heavier: your Lord is a Leaden ſhilling, which you may bend every way; and debaſes the ſtamp he bears, inſtead of being rais'd by't: Here again, you Slaves?

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Only to receive farther inſtructions, an't like your Honour: What if a man ſhou'd bring you Money, ſhou'd we turn him back?

Man. All men, I ſay; muſt I be peſter'd with you too? you Dogs, away.

2 *Sail.* Nay, I know one man your Honour wou'd not have us hinder coming to you, I'm ſure.

Man. Who's that? ſpeak quickly, Slaves.

2 *Sail.* Why, a man that ſhou'd bring you a Challenge; for though you refuſe Money, I'm ſure you love fighting too well to refuſe that.

Man. Rogue, Raſcal, Dog. [*Kicks the* Sailors *out.*

Free. Nay, let the poor Rogues have their Forecaſtle jeſts; they cannot help 'em in a Fight, ſcarce when a Ship's ſinking.

Man.

Man. Dam their untimely jests; a Servant's jest is more saucineſs than his counſel.

Free. But what, will you ſee no Body? not your Friends?

Man. Friends——I have but one, and he, I hear, is not in Town; nay, can have but one Friend, for a true heart admits but of one friendſhip, as of one love; but in having that Friend, I have a thouſand, for he has the courage of men in deſpair, yet the diffidency and caution of Cowards; the ſecreſie of the revengeful, and the conſtancy of Martyrs: one fit to adviſe, to keep a ſecret: to fight and die for his Friend. Such I think him; for I have truſted him with my Miſtreſs in my abſence: and the truſt of Beauty, is ſure the greateſt we can ſhew.

Free. Well, but all your good thoughts are not for him alone? (I hope) pray what d'ye think of me for a Friend?

Man. Of thee! Why, thou art a *Latitudinarian* in Friendſhip, that is no Friend; thou doſt ſide with all Mankind, but wilt ſuffer for none. Thou art indeed like your Lord *Plauſible*, the Pink of Courteſie, therefore haſt no Friendſhip; for Ceremony and great Profeſſing, renders Friendſhip as much ſuſpected, as it does Religion.

Free. And no profeſſing, no Ceremony at all in Friendſhip, were as unnatural and as undecent as in Religion; and there is hardly ſuch a thing as an honeſt Hypocrite, who profeſſes himſelf to be worſe than he is, unleſs it be your ſelf; for, though I cou'd never get you to ſay you were my Friend, I know you'l prove ſo.

Man. I muſt confeſs, I am ſo much your Friend, I wou'd not deceive you, therefore muſt tell you (not only becauſe my heart is taken up) but according to your Rules of Friendſhip, I cannot be your Friend.

Free. Why, pray?

Man. Becauſe he that is (you'l ſay) a true Friend to a man, is a Friend to all his Friends; but you muſt pardon me, I cannot wiſh well to Pimps, Flatterers, Detracters, and Cowards, ſtiff nodding Knaves, and ſupple pliant kiſſing Fools: now, all theſe I have ſeen you uſe, like the deareſt Friends in the World.

Free. Hah, hah, hah——What, you obſerv'd me, I warrant, in the Galleries at *Whitehall*, doing the buſineſs of the place! Pſhaw, Court-profeſſions, like Court-promiſes, go for nothing, man! but, Faith, cou'd you think I was a Friend to all thoſe I hugg'd, kiſs'd, flatter'd, bow'd to? Hah, ha——

Man. You told 'em ſo, and ſwore it too; I heard you.

Free. Ay, but when their backs were turn'd, did I not tell you they were Rogues, Villains, Raſcals whom I deſpis'd, and hated?

Man. Very fine? But what reaſon had I to believe you ſpoke your heart to me, ſince you profeſs'd deceiving ſo many?

Free. Why, don't you know, good Captain, that telling truth is a quality as prejudicial to a man that wou'd thrive in the world, as ſquare Play to a Cheat, or true Love to a whore! wou'd you have a man ſpeak truth to his ruine? You are ſeverer than the Law, which requires no man to ſwear againſt himſelf; you wou'd have me ſpeak truth againſt my ſelf, I warrant, and tell my promiſing Friend, the Courtier, he has a bad memory?

Man. Yes.

Free.

Free. And ſo make him remember to forget my buſineſs; and I ſhou'd tell the great Lawyer too, that he takes oftner fees to hold his tongue, than to ſpeak!

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. Ay, and have him hang, or ruine me, when he ſhou'd come to be a Judge, and I before him. And you wou'd have me tell the new Officer, who bought his Employment lately, that he is a Coward.

Man. Ay.

Free. And ſo get my ſelf caſhier'd, not him, he having the better Friends, though I the better Sword. And I ſhou'd tell the Scribler of Honour, that Heraldry were a prettier and fitter Study, for ſo fine a Gentleman, than Poetry?

Man. Certainly.

Free. And ſo find my ſelf maul'd in his next hir'd Lampoon. And you wou'd have me tell the holy Lady too, ſhe lies with her Chaplain.

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. And ſo draw the Clergy upon my back, and want a good Table to Dine at ſometimes. And by the ſame reaſon too, I ſhou'd tell you that the World thinks you a Mad man, a Brutal, and have you cut my Throat, or worſe, hate me! What other good ſucceſs of all my *Plain-dealing* cou'd I have, than what I've mentioned?

Man. Why, firſt your promiſing Courtier wou'd keep his word out of fear of more reproaches; or at leaſt wou'd give you no more vain hopes: your Lawyer wou'd ſerve you more faithfully; for he, having no Honour but his Intereſt, is trueſt ſtill to him he knows ſuſpects him: The new Officer wou'd provoke thee to make him a Coward, and ſo be caſhier'd, that thou, or ſome other honeſt Fellow, who had more courage than money, might get his place: the Noble Sonneteer wou'd trouble thee no more with his Madrigals: the praying Lady wou'd leave off railing at wenching before thee, and not turn away her Chamber-maid, for her own known frailty with thee: And I inſtead of hating thee, ſhou'd love thee, for thy *Plain-dealing*; and in lieu of being mortifi'd, am proud that the World and I think not well of one another.

Free. Well, Doctors differ. You are for *Plain-dealing*, I find; but againſt your particular Notions, I have the practice of the whole World. Obſerve but any Morning what people do when they get together on the *Exchange*; in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, or the Galleries in *Whitehall*.

Man. I muſt confeſs, there they ſeem to rehearſe *Bay*'s grand Dance: here you ſee a Biſhop bowing low to a gaudy Atheiſt; a Judge to a Door-keeper; a great Lord, to a Fiſhmonger, or a Scrivener with a Jack-chain about his neck; a Lawyer, to a Sergeant at Arms; a velvet Phyſician, to a thred-bare Chymiſt: and a ſupple Gentleman Uſher, to a ſurley Beef-eater; and ſo tread round in a prepoſterous huddle of Ceremony to each other, whil'ſt they can hardly hold their ſolemn falſe Countenances.

Free. Well, they underſtand the World.

Man. Which I do not, I confeſs.

Free. But, Sir, pray believe the Friendſhip I promiſe you, real, whatſoever I have profeſt to others: try me, at leaſt.

Man.

Man. Why, what wou'd you do for me?

Free. I wou'd fight for you.

Man. That you wou'd do for your own Honour, but what elſe?

Free. I wou'd lend you Money if I had it.

Man. To borrow more of me another time. That were but putting your Money to intereſt, an Uſurer wou'd be as good a Friend. But what other piece of Friendſhip?

Free. I wou'd ſpeak well of you to your Enemies.

Man. To encourage others to be your Friends, by a ſhew of gratitude but what elſe?

Free. Nay, I wou'd not here you ill ſpoken of behind your back, by my Friend.

Man. Nay, then thou'rt a Friend indeed; but it were unreaſonable to expect it from thee, as the World goes now: when new Friends, like new Miſtreſſes, are got by diſparaging old ones.

Enter Fidelia.

But here comes another, will ſay as much at leaſt, doſt not thou love me deviliſhly too, my little Voluntier, as well as he, or any man can?

Fid. Better than any man can love you, my dear Captain.

Man. Look you there, I told you ſo.

Fid. As well as you do Truth or Honour, Sir; as well.

Man. Nay, good young Gentleman, enough, for ſhame; thou haſt been a Page, by thy Flattering and Lying, to one of thoſe praying Ladies, who love Flattery ſo well, they are jealous of it, and wert turn'd away for ſaying the ſame things to the old Houſe-keeper for ſweet-meats, as you did to your Lady: for thou flattereſt every thing, and every body alike.

Fid. You, dear Sir, ſhou'd not ſuſpect the truth of what I ſay of you, though to you; Fame, the old Lyar, is believ'd when ſhe ſpeaks wonders of you; you cannot be flattered, Sir, your Merit is unſpeakable.

Man. Hold, hold, Sir, or I ſhall ſuſpect worſe of you, that you have been a Cuſhion-bearer to ſome State Hypocrite, and turn'd away by the Chaplains, for out-flattering their Probation Sermons for a Benefice.

Fid. Suſpect me for any thing, Sir, but the want of Love, Faith, and Duty to you, the braveſt, worthieſt of Mankind; believe me, I cou'd die for you, Sir.

Man. Nay, there you lye, Sir; did I not ſee thee more afraid in the Fight, than the Chaplain of the Ship, or the Purſer that bought his place?

Fid. Can he be ſaid to be afraid, that ventures to Sea with you?

Man. Fie, fie, no more, I ſhall hate thy Flattery worſe than thy Cowardiſe, nay, than thy Bragging.

Fid. Well, I own then I was afraid; mightily afraid; yet for you I wou'd be afraid again, an hundred times afraid: dying is ceaſing to be afraid, and that I cou'd do ſure for you, and you'll believe me one day. [*Weeps.*

Free. Poor Youth! believe his Eyes, if not his Tongue: he ſeems to ſpeak truth with them.

Man. What, does he cry? A Pox on't, a Maudlin Flatterer is as naſeouſly troubleſom, as a Maudlin Drunkard; no more, you little Milk-ſop, do not

not cry, I'll never make thee afraid again; for of all men, if I had occasion, thou shoud'st not be my Second; and, when I go to Sea again, thou shalt venture thy life no more with me.

Fid. Why, will you leave me behind then?
(If you wou'd preserve my life, I'm sure you shou'd not.) [*Aside.*

Man. Leave thee behind! Ay, ay, thou art a hopeful Youth for the shore only; here thou wilt live to be cherish'd by Fortune, and the great ones; for thou may'st easily come to out-flatter a dull Poet, out-lie a Coffee-house, or Gazet-writer, out-swear a Knight of the Post, out-watch a Pimp, out-fawn a Rook, out-promise a Lover, out-rail a Wit, and out-brag a Sea-Captain: All this thou canst do, because thou'rt a Coward, a thing I hate, therefore thou'lt do better with the World than with me, and these are the good courses you must take in the World. There's good advice, at least, at parting: go, and be happy with't.

Fid. Parting, Sir! O let me not here that dismal word.

Man. If my words frighten thee, be gone the sooner; for to be plain with thee, Cowardise and I cannot dwell together.

Fid. And Cruelty and Courage never dwell together sure, Sir. Do not turn me off to shame and misery; for I am helpless and friendless.

Man. Friendless! there are half a score Friends for thee then; [*Offers her Gold*] I leave my self no more: they'll help thee a little. Be gone, go, I must be cruel to thee (if thou call'st it so) out of pity.

Fid. If you won'd be cruelly pitiful, Sir, let it be with your Sword, and not Gold. [*Exit.*

Enter first Sailor.

1 *Sail.* We have, with much ado, turn'd away two Gentlemen, who told us forty times over, their names were Mr. *Novel*, and Major *Oldfox*.

Man. Well, to your Post again. [*Exit* Sailor.
But how come those Puppies coupled always together?

Free. O, the Coxcombs keep each other company, to shew each other, as *Novel* calls it; or, as *Oldfox* says, like two Knives, to whet one another.

Man. And set other Peoples teeth an edge.

Enter second Sailor.

2 *Sail.* Here is a Woman, an't like your Honour, scolds and bustles with us, to come in, as much as a Seaman's Widow at the *Navy-Office*: her name is Mrs. *Blackacre*.

Man. That Fiend too!

Free. The Widow *Blackacre*, is it not? that Litigious She-Petty-fogger, who is at Law and difference with all the world; but I wish I cou'd make her agree with me in the Church: they say she has Fifteen hundred pounds a Year Joynture, and the care of her Son, that is, the Destruction of his Estate.

Man. Her Lawyers, Attornies and Solicitors have Fifteen hundred pound a Year, whil'st she is contented to be poor, to make other People so; for she is as vexatious as her Father was, the great Attorney, nay, as a dozen *Norfolk* Attorneys, and as implacable an Adversary, as a Wife suing for Alimony, or a Parson for his Tiths; and she loves an *Easter*-Term, or any Term, not, as other Country Ladies do, to come up to be fine, Cuckold their Husbands,

and

and take their pleaſure; for ſhe has no pleaſure, but in vexing others, and is uſually cloath'd and dagled like a Bawd in diſguiſe, purſu'd through Alleys by Serjeants. When ſhe is in Town, ſhe lodges in one of the Inns of Chancery, where ſhe breeds her Son, and is her ſelf his Tutoreſs in Law-French; and for her Countrey-abode, tho' ſhe has no Eſtate there, ſhe chuſes *Norfolk*. But, bid her come in, with a pox to her; ſhe is *Olivia*'s Kinſwoman, and may make me amends for her viſit, by ſome diſcourſe of that dear Woman. [*Exit* Sailor.

Enter Widow Blackacre *with a Mantle, and a green Bag, and ſeveral Papers in the other hand:* Jerry Blackacre *her Son, in a Gown, laden with green Bags, following her.*

Wid. I never had ſo much to do with a Judges Door-keeper, as with yours; but——

Man. But the incomparable *Olivia*, how does ſhe ſince I went?

Wid. Since you went, my ſuit——

Man. *Olivia*, I ſay, is ſhe well?

Wid. My Suit, if you had not return'd——

Man. Dam your Suit, how does your Couſin *Olivia*?

Wid. My Suit, I ſay, had been quite loſt; but now——

Man. But now where is *Olivia*? in Town? For——

Wid. For to morrow we are to have a Hearing.

Man. Wou'd you'd let me have a Hearing to day.

Wid. But why won't you hear me?

Man. I am no Judge, and you talk of nothing but Suits; but, pray tell me, when did you ſee *Olivia*?

Wid. I am no Viſiter, but a Woman of buſineſs; or if I ever viſit, 'tis only the *Chancery-lane* Ladies, Ladies towards the Law; and not any of your lazy, good-for-nothing Flirts, who cannot read Law-French, tho' a Gallant writ it. But, as I was telling you, my Suit——

Man. Dam theſe impertinent, vexatious people of Buſineſs, of all Sexes; they are ſtill troubling the World with the tedious recitals of their Law-Suits: and one can no more ſtop their mouths, than a Wit's, when he talks of himſelf; or an Intelligencer's, when he talks of other people.

Wid. And a Pox of all vexatious impertinent Lovers; they are ſtill perplexing the World with the tedious Narrations of their Love-Suits, and Diſcourſes of their Miſtreſſes: you are as troubleſom to a poor Widow of Buſineſs, as a young Coxcomb Riming Lover.

Man. And thou art as troubleſom to me, as a Rook to a loſing Gameſter, or a young putter of Caſes to his Miſtreſs and Sempſtreſs, who has love in her head for another.

Wid. Nay, ſince you talk of putting of Caſes, and will not hear me ſpeak, here our *Jerry* a little; let him put our Caſe to you, for the Tryal's to morrow; and ſince you are my chief Witneſs, I wou'd have your memory refreſh'd, and your judgment inform'd, that you may not give your Evidence improperly. Speak out, Child.

Jer. Yes, forsooth. Hemh! Hemh! *John-a-Stiles*——

Man. You may talk, young Lawyer, but I shall no more mind you, than a hungry Judge does a Cause, after the Clock has strnck One.

Free. Nay, you'll find him as peevish too.

Wid. No matter. *Jerry*, go on. Do you observe it then, Sir, for I think I have seen you in a Gown once. Lord, I cou'd here our *Jerry* put Cases all day long! Mark him, Sir.

Jer. John-a-Stiles——no——There are first, *Fitz*, *Pere*, and *Ayle*; ——no, no, *Ayle*, *Pere*, and *Fitz*; *Ayle* is seized in Fee of *Blackacre*; *John-a-Stiles* disseises *Ayle*; *Ayle* makes Claim, and the Disseisor dies; then the *Ayle*—— no the *Fitz*.

Wid. No, the *Pere*, Sirrah.

Jer. O, the *Pere*: ay, the *Pere*, Sir, and the *Fitz*——no, the *Ayle*; no, the *Pere* and the *Fitz*, Sir, and——

Man. Dam *Pere*, *Mere* and *Fitz*, Sir. ——

Wid. No, you are out, Child; here me, Captain, then; there are *Ayle*, *Pere* and *Fitz*, *Ayle* is seised in Fee of *Blackacre*; and being so seised, *John-a-Stiles* disseises the *Ayle*, *Ayle* makes Claim; and the disseisor dies; and then the *Pere* re-enters, the *Pere*, Sirrah, the *Pere*—[*To Jerry.*] And the *Fitz* enters upon the *Pere*, and the *Ayle* brings his Writ of Disseizen, in the *Post*; and the *Pere* brings his Writ of Disseizen, in the *Pere*, and——

Man. Canst thou hear this stuff, *Freeman*? I cou'd as soon suffer a whole noise of Flatterers at a great mans Levy in the morning; but thou hast servile complacency enough to listen to a quibling Statesman, in disgrace, nay, and be before-hand with him, in laughing at his dull No-jest; but I——

[*Offering to go out.*

Wid. Nay, Sir, hold. Where's the *Sub-pœna*, *Jerry*? I must serve you, Sir. You are requir'd, by this, to give your testimony——

Man. I'le be forsworn, to be reveng'd on thee. [*Ex.* Manley *throwing away the* Subpœna.

Wid. Get you gone, for a Lawless companion. Come, *Jerry*, I had almost forgot we were to meet at the Masters at three: let us mind our business still, Child.

Jer. I, forsooth, e'en so let's.

Free. Nay, Madam, now I wou'd beg you to hear me a little, a little of my business.

Wid. I have business of my own calls me away, Sir.

Free. My business wou'd prove yours too, dear Madam.

Wid. Yours wou'd be some sweet business, I warrant: What, 'tis no *Westminster-Hall* business? wou'd you have my advice?

Free. No, faith, 'tis a little *Westminster-Abby* business: I won'd have your consent.

Wid. O fy, fy, Sir; to me such discourse, before my dear Minor there!

Jer. Ay, ay, Mother, he wou'd be taking Livery and Seizen of your Jointure, by digging the Turf; but I'll watch your waters, Bully, i'fac. Come away, Mother.

[*Ex.* Jerry, *hailing away his Mother.*

Manet

Manet Freeman: *Enter to him* Fidelia.

Fid. Dear Sir, you have pity; beget but ſome in your Captain for me.

Free. Where is he?

Fid. Within; ſwearing, as much as he did in the great Storm, and curſing you, and ſometimes ſinks into calms and ſighs, and talks of his *Olivia*.

Free. He wou'd never truſt me to ſee her: is ſhe handſom?

Fid. No, if you'll take my word; but I am not a proper Judge.

Free. What is ſhe?

Fid. A Gentlewoman, I ſuppoſe, but of as mean a Fortune as Beauty; but her Relations wou'd not ſuffer her to go with him to the *Indies*: and his averſion to this ſide of the World, together with the late opportunity of commanding the Convoy, wou'd not let him ſtay here longer, tho' to enjoy her.

Free. He loves her mightily then.

Fid. Yes, ſo well, that the remainder of his Fortune (I hear about five or ſix thouſand pounds) he has left her, in caſe he had dy'd by the way, or before ſhe cou'd prevail with her Friends to follow him, which he expected ſhe ſhou'd do; and has left behind him his great boſom-Friend to be her Convoy to him.

Free. What Charms has ſhe for him, if ſhe be not handſom?

Fid. He fancies her, I ſuppoſe, the only Woman of Truth and Sincerity in the World.

Free. No Common Beauty, I confeſs.

Fid. Or elſe ſure he wou'd not have truſted her with ſo great a ſhare of his Fortune, in his abſence; I ſuppoſe, (ſince his late loſs) all he has.

Free. Why, has he left it in her own cuſtody?

Fid. I am told ſo.

Free. Then he has ſhewed Love to her indeed, in leaving her, like an old Husband that dies as ſoon as he has made his Wife a good Jointure; but I'll go in to him, and ſpeak for you, and know more from him of his *Olivia*.

[*Exit.*

Manet Fidelia *ſola.*

Fid. His *Olivia* indeed, his happy *Olivia*,
Yet ſhe was left behind, when I was with him;
But ſhe was ne'er out of his mind or heart.
She has told him ſhe lov'd him; I have ſhew'd it,
And durſt not tell him ſo, till I had done,
Under this habit, ſuch convincing Acts
Of loving Friendſhip for him, than through it
He firſt might find out both my Sex and Love;
And, when I'd have him from his fair *Olivia*,
And this bright World of artful Beauties here,
Might then have hop'd, he wou'd have look'd on me
Amongſt the ſooty *Indians*; and I cou'd
To chooſe there live his Wife, where Wives are forc'd
To live no longer, when their Husbands die.
Nay, what's yet worſe, to ſhare 'em whil'ſt they live
With many Rival Wives. But here he comes,

And I must yet keep out of his sight, not
To lose it for ever. [*Exit.*

Enter Manly *and* Freeman.

Free. But what strange Charms has she that cou'd make you love?

Man. Strange Charms indeed! She has Beauty enough to call in question her Wit or Vertue, and her Form wou'd make a starved Hermit a Ravisher; yet her Vertue, and Conduct, wou'd preserve her from the subtil Lust of a pamper'd Prelate. She is so perfect a Beauty, that Art cou'd not better it, nor Affection deform it; yet all this is nothing. Her tongue as well as face, ne'er knew artifice: nor ever did her words or looks contradict her heart: She is all truth, and hates the lying, masking, daubing World, as I do; for which I love her, and for which I think she dislikes not me: for she has often shut out of her conversation for mine, the gaudy fluttering Parrots of the Town, Apes, and Ecchoes of men only, and refus'd their common place pert chat, flatterry, and submissions, to be entertain'd with my sullen bluntness, and honest love. And, last of all, swore to me, since her Parents wou'd not suffer her to go with me, she wou'd stay behind for no other man; but follow me, without their leave, if not to be obtain'd. Which Oath——

Free. Did you think she wou'd keep?

Man. Yes; for she is not (I tell you) like other Women, but can keep her promise, tho' she has sworn to keep it; but, that she might the better keep it, I left her the value of five or six thousand pounds; for Womens wants are generally their most importunate Solicitors to Love or Marriage.

Free. And money summons Lovers, more than Beauty, and augments but their importunity, and their number; so makes it the harder for a Woman to deny 'em. For my part, I am for the *French* Maxim, if you wou'd have your Female Subjects Loyal, keep 'em poor: but, in short, that your Mistress may not marry, you have given her a Portion.

Man. She had given me her heart first, and I am satisfied with the security: I can never doubt her truth and constancy.

Free. It seems you do, since you are fain to bribe it with Money. But how come you to be so diffident of the Man that says he loves you, and not doubt the Woman that says it?

Man. I shou'd (I confess) doubt the love of any other Woman but her, as I do the friendship of any other Man but him I have trusted; but I have such proofs of their faith, as cannot deceive me.

Free. Cannot!

Man. Not but I know, that generally, no man can be a great Enemy, but under the name of Friend; and if you are a Cuckold, it is your Friend only that makes you so; for your Enemy is not admitted to your house: if you are cheated in your Fortune, 'tis your Friend that does it; for your Enemy is not made your Trustee: if your Honour, or Good name be injur'd, 'tis your Friend that does it still, because your Enemy is not believ'd against you. Therefore I rather chuse to go where honest, downright Barbarity is profest, where men devour one another like generous hungry Lions and Tygers, not like Crocodiles; where they think the Devil white, of our complexion, and I am already so far an *Indian*: but if your weak faith doubts this miracle

miracle of a Woman, come along with me, and believe, and thou wilt find her ſo handſom, that thou, who art ſo much my Friend, wilt have a mind to lie with her, and ſo wilt not fail to diſcover what her Faith and thine is to me.

When we're in Love, the great Adverſity,
Our Friends and Miſtreſſes at once we try.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Olivia's *Lodging.*

Enter Olivia, Eliza, Lettice.

Oliv. AH Couſin, what a World 'tis we live in! I am ſo weary of it.

Eliz. Truly, Couſin, I can find no fault with it, but that we cannot always live in't; for I can never be weary of it.

Oliv. O hideous! you cannot be in earneſt ſure, when you ſay you like the filthy World.

Eliz. You cannot be in earneſt ſure, when you ſay you diſlike it.

Oliv. You are a very cenſorious Creature, I find.

Eliz. I muſt confeſs I think we Women as often diſcover where we love by railing; as men when they lye, by their ſwearing; and the World is but a conſtant keeping Gallant, whom we fail not to quarrel with, when any thing croſſes us, yet cannot part with't for our hearts.

Let. A Gallant indeed, Madam, whom Ladies firſt make jealous, and then quarrel with it for being ſo; for if, by her diſcretion, a Lady be talk'd of for a Man, ſhe cries preſently, *'Tis a Cenſorious World*; if, by her vanity, the Intrigue be found out, *'Tis a prying malicious World*; and if, by her over-fondneſs, the Gallant proves unconſtant, *'Tis a falſe World*; and if, by her nigardlineſs, the Chamber-maid tells, *'Tis a perfideous World*: but that, I'm ſure, your Ladyſhip cannot ſay of the World yet, as bad as 'tis.

Oliv. But I may ſay, *'Tis a very impertinent World.* Hold your peace. And, Couſin, if the World be a Gallant, 'tis ſuch an one as is my averſion, Pray name it no more.

Eliz. But is it poſſible the World, which has ſuch variety of Charms for other Women, can have none for you? Let's ſee—firſt, what d'ye think of Dreſſing, and fine Cloaths?

Oliv. Dreſſing! Fie, fie, 'tis my averſion. But, come hither, you Dowdy; methinks you might have open'd this Toure better: O hideous! I cannot ſuffer it! d'ye ſee how't ſits?

Eliz. Well enough, Couſin, if Dreſſing be your averſion.

Oliv. 'Tis ſo: and for variety of rich Cloaths, they are more my averſion.

Let. Ay, 'tis becauſe your Ladyſhip wears 'em too long; for indeed a Gown, like a Gallant, grows one's averſion, by having too much of it.

Oliv.

Oliv. Insatiable Creature! I'll be sworn I have had this not above three days, Cousin, and within this month have made some six more.

Eliz. Then your aversion to 'em is not altogether so great.

Oliv. Alas! 'tis for my Woman only I wear 'em, Cousin.

Let. If it be for me only, Madam, pray do not wear 'em.

Eliz. But what d'ye think of Visits——Balls——

Oliv. O, I detest 'em.

Eliz. Of Playes.

Oliv. I abominate 'em: filthy, obscene, hideous things.

Eliz. What say you to *Masquerading* in the Winter, and *Hide-park* in the Summer?

Oliv. Insipid pleasures I taste not.

Eliz. Nay, if you are for more solid Pleasures, what think you of a rich young Husband?

Oliv. O horrid! Marriage! what a Pleasure you have found out! I nauseate it of all things.

Let. But what does your Ladyship think then of a liberal, handsom, young Lover?

Oliv. A handsom, young Fellow, you Impudent! Be gone, out of my sight; name a handsom young Fellow to me! Foh, a hideous handsom young Fellow I abominate. [*Spits.*

Eliz. Indeed! But let's see——will nothing please you? what d'ye think of the Court?

Oliv. How? the Court! the Court, Cousin! my aversion, my aversion, my aversion of all aversions.

Eliz. How? the Court! where——

Oliv. Where Sincerity is a quality as out of fashion, and as unprosperous, as Bashfulness; I cou'd not laugh at a Quibble, tho' it were a fat Privy Councellor's; nor praise a Lord's ill Verses, tho' I were my self the Subject; nor an old Lady's young looks, tho' I were her Woman; nor sit to a vain young *Simile-maker*, tho' he flatter'd me; in short, I cou'd not glote upon a man when he comes into a Room, and laugh at him when he goes out; I cannot rail at the absent, to flatter the standers by, I——

Eliz. Well, but railing now is so common, that 'tis no more Malice, but the fashion; and the absent think they are no more the worse for being rail'd at, than the present think they're the better for being flatter'd: and for the Court——

Oliv. Nay, do not defend the Court; for you'll make me rail at it, like a trusting Citizen's Widow.

Eliz. Or like a *Holburn*-Lady, who cou'd not get into the last Ball, or was out of countenance in the Drawing-room the last Sunday of her appearance there; for none rail at the Court, but those who cannot get into it, or else who are ridiculous when they are there; and I shall suspect you were laugh'd at, when you were last there, or wou'd be a Maid of Honour.

Oliv. I a Maid of Honour! To be a Maid of Honour were yet of all things my aversion.

Eliz. In what sense am I to understand you? But, in fine, by the Word Aversion, I'm sure you dissemble; for I never knew Woman yet that us'd it,

it, who did not. Come, our tongues bely our hearts, more than our Pocket-glasses do our faces; but methinks we ought to leave off dissembling, since 'tis grown of no use to us; for all wise observers understand us now a-days, as they do dreams, Almanacks, and *Dutch Gazettes*, by the contrary: And a Man no more believes a Woman, when she says she has an Aversion for him, than when she says she'll cry out.

Oliv. O filthy, hideous! Peace, Cousin, or your discourse will be my Aversion; and you may believe me.

Eliz. Yes; for, if any thing be a Woman's Aversion, 'tis *Plain-dealing* from another Woman: and perhaps that's your quarrel to the World; for that will talk, as your Woman says.

Oliv. Talk, not of me sure; for what Men do I converse with? what Visits do I admit?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here's the Gentleman to wait upon you, Madam.

Oliv. On me! you little, unthinking Fop, d'ye know what you say?

Boy. Yes, Madam, 'tis the Gentleman that comes every day to you, who—

Oliv. Hold your peace, you heedless little Animal, and get you gone. This Country-Boy, Cousin, takes my Dancing-Master, Taylor, or the spruce Millener, for Visiters. [*Exit* Boy.

Let. No, Madam, 'tis Mr. *Novel*, I'm sure, by his talking so loud: I know his voice too, Madam.

Oliv. You know nothing, you Buffle-headed, stupid Creature you; you wou'd make my Cousin believe I receive Visits: But if it be Mr.——what did you call him?

Let. Mr *Novel*, Madam, he that——

Oliv. Hold your peace, I'll hear no more of him; but if it be your Mr.—(I can't think of his name again) I suppose he has follow'd my Cousin hither.

Eliz. No, Cousin, I will not rob you of the Honour of the Visit: 'tis to you, Cousin, for I know him not.

Oliv. Nor did I ever hear of him before, upon my Honour, Cousin; besides, han't I told you, that Visits, and the business of Visits, Flattery, and Detraction, are my Aversion? D'ye think then I wou'd admit such a Coxcomb as he is? who, rather than not rail, will rail at the dead, whom none speak ill of; and rather than not flatter, will flatter the Poets of the Age, whom none will flatter; who affects Novelty as much as the Fashion; and is as fanstatical as changeable, and as well known as the Fashion; who likes nothing, but what is new; nay, wou'd chuse to have his Friend, or his Title, a new one. In fine, he is my Aversion.

Eliz. I find you do know him, Cousin; at least, have heard of him.

Oliv. Yes, now I remember, I have heard of him.

Eliz. Well; but since he is such a Coxcomb, for Heaven's sake, let him not come up; tell him, Mrs. *Lettice*, your Lady is not within.

Oliv. No, *Lettice*, tell him, my Cousin is here, and that he may come up: for notwithstanding I detest the sight of him, you may like his conversation; and tho' I wou'd use him scurvily, I will not be rude to you, in my own Lodging; since he has follow'd you hither, let him come up, I say.

Eliz.

Eliz. Very fine! Pray let him go to the Devil, I ſay, for me: I know him not, nor deſire it. Send him away, Mrs. *Lettice.*

Oliv. Upon my word, ſhe ſhan't: I muſt diſobey your commands, to comply with your deſires. Call him up, *Lettice.*

Eliz. Nay, I'll ſwear ſhe ſhall not ſtir on that Errand. [*Holds* Lettice.

Oliv. Well then, I'll call him my ſelf for you, ſince you will have it ſo. Mr. *Novel.* [*Calls out at the door*] Sir, Sir.

Enter Novel.

Novel. Madam, I beg your pardon, perhaps you were buſie: I did not think you had company with you.

Eliz. Yet he comes to me, Couſin! [*Aſide.*

Oliv. —Chairs there. [*They ſit.*

Nov. Well; but, Madam, d'ye know whence I come now?

Oliv. From ſome melancholly place I warrant, Sir, ſince they have loſt your good company.

Eliz. So.

Nov. From a place, where they have treated me, at dinner, with ſo much civility and kindneſs, a pox on 'em, that I cou'd hardly get away to you, dear Madam.

Oliv. You have a way with you ſo new, and obliging, Sir.

Eliz. You hate Flattery, Couſin! [*Apart to* Olivia.

Nov. Nay faith, Madam, d'ye think my way new? then you are obliging, Madam. I muſt confeſs, I hate Imitation, to do any thing like other people: all that know me, do me the Honour to ſay, I am an original, Faith; but as I was ſaying, Madam, I have been treated to day, with all the ceremony and kindneſs imaginable, at my Lady *Autumn's*; but the nauſeous old Woman at the upper end of her Table———.

Oliv. Revives the old *Grecian* Cuſtom, of ſerving in a Deaths-head with their Banquets.

Nov. Hah! hah! fine, juſt i'faith; nay, and new: 'tis like eating with the Ghoſt in the *Libertine*; ſhe wou'd frighten a Man from her dinner, with her hollow invitations, and ſpoil one's ſtomack.

Oliv. To Meat or Women. I deteſt her hollow Cherry-cheeks; ſhe looks like an old Coach new painted: affecting an unſeemly ſmugneſs, whil'ſt ſhe is ready to drop in pieces.

Eliz. You hate Detraction I ſee, Couſin! [*Apart to* Olivia.

Nov. But the ſilly old Fury, whil'ſt ſhe affects to look like a Woman of this Age, talks———

Oliv. Like one of the laſt; and as paſſionately as an old Courtier, who has out-liv'd his Office.

Nov. Yes, Madam; but pray let me give you her Character. Then ſhe never counts her age by the years, but———

Oliv. By the Maſques ſhe has liv'd to ſee.

Nov. Nay then, Madam, I ſee you think a little harmleſs railing too great a pleaſure for any but your ſelf, and therefore I've done.

Oliv. Nay, faith, you ſhall tell me who you had there at dinner.

Nov. If you wou'd hear me, Madam.

Oliv.

Oliv. Moſt patiently: ſpeak, Sir.

Nov. Then, we had her Daughter——

Oliv. Ay, her Daughter, the very diſgrace to good cloaths, which ſhe always wears, but to heighten her deformity, not mend it; for ſhe is ſtill moſt ſplendidly, gallantly ugly, and looks like an ill piece of daubing in a rich Frame.

Nov. So! But have you done with her, Madam? and can you ſpare her to me a little now?

Oliv. Ay, ay, Sir.

Nov. Then, ſhe is like——

Oliv. She is, you'd ſay, like a City Bride, the greater Fortune, but not the greater Beauty for her dreſs.

Nov. Well: yet have you done Madam? Then ſhe——

Oliv. Then ſhe beſtows as unfortunately on her Face, all the graces in faſhion, as the languiſhing eye, the hanging or pouting lip; but as the Fool is never more provoking than when he aims at Wit, the ill-favour'd of our Sex are never more nauſeous than when they wou'd be Beauties, adding to their natural deformity, the artificial uglineſs of affectation.

Eliz. So, Couſin, I find one may have a collection of all ones acquaintances Pictures as well at your houſe, as at Mr. *Lely*'s; only the difference is, there we find 'em much handſomer than they are, and like; here, much uglier, and like: and you are the firſt of the profeſſion of Picture-drawing I ever knew without flattery.

Oliv. I draw after the life; do no body wrong, Couſin.

Eliz. No, You hate flattery and detraction!

Oliv. But, Mr. *Novel*, who had you beſides at dinner?

Nov. Nay, the Divil take me if I tell you, unleſs you will allow me the priviledge of railing in my turn; but, now I think on't, the Women ought to be your Province, as the men are mine: and you muſt know we had him whom——

Oliv. Him, whom——

Nov. What, invading me already? And giving the character, before you know the Man?

Eliz. No, that is not fair, tho it be uſual.

Oliv. I beg your pardon, Mr. *Novel*, pray, go on.

Nov. Then, I ſay, we had that familiar Coxcomb, who is at home where-ſoe're he comes.

Oliv. Ay, that Fool——

Nov. Nay, then Madam, your Servant: I'm gone. Taking a Fool out of ones mouth, is worſe than taking the Bread out of ones mouth.

Oliv. I've done, your pardon, Mr. *Novel*, pray proceed.

Nov. I ſay, the Rogue, that he may be the only Wit in company, will let no Body elſe talk, and——

Oliv. Ay, thoſe Fops who love to talk all themſelves, are of all things my Averſion.

Nov. Then you'll let me ſpeak, Madam, ſure, The Rogue, I ſay, will force his jeſt upon you; and I hate a jeſt that's forc'd upon a Man, as much as a Glaſs.

Eliz. Why, I hope, Sir, he does not expect a man of your temperance in jesting shou'd do him reason?

Nov. What, interruption from this side too! I must the——

[*Offers to rise,* Olivia *Holds him.*

Oliv. No, Sir,——You must know, Cousin, that Fop he means, tho' he talks only to be commended, will not give you leave to do't.

Nov. But, Madam——

Oliv. He a Wit! hang him, he's only an Adopter of straggling Jests, and fatherless Lampoons; by the credit of which, he eats at good Tables, and so like the barren Beggar-Woman lives by borrow'd Children.

Nov. Madam——

Oliv. And never was Author of any thing, but his news; but that is still all his own.

Nov. Madam, pray——

Oliv. An eternal Babler; and makes no more use of his ears, than a Man that sits at a Play by his Mistress, or in Fop-corner: he's, in fine, a base detracting Fellow, and is my aversion. But who else pr'ythee, Mr. *Novel*, was there with you? Nay, you sha'nt stir.

Nov. I beg your pardon, Madam, I cannot stay in any place, where I'm not allow'd a little Christian liberty of railing.

Oliv. Nay, pr'ythee, Mr. *Novel*, stay; and tho' you shou'd rail at me, I wou'd hear you with patience; pr'ythee who else was there with you?

Nov. Your Servant, Madam.

Oliv. Nay, pr'ythee tell us, Mr. *Novel*, pr'ythee do.

Nov. We had no body else.

Oliv. Nay, faith I know you had. Come, my Lord *Plausible* was there too, who is Cousin, a——

Eliz. You need not tell me what he is, Cousin; for I know him to be a civil, good natur'd, harmless Gentleman, that speaks well of all the World, and is always in good humour, and——

Oliv. Hold, Cousin, hold, I hate detraction; but I must tell you, Cousin, his civility is cowardise; his good nature, want of wit, and has neither courage nor sence to rail: And for his being always in humour, 'tis because he is never dissatisfi'd with himself: In fine, he is my aversion; and I never admit his Visits beyond my Hall.

Nov. No, he visit you! Dam him, cringing, grinning, Rogue; if I should see him coming up to you, I wou'd make bold to kick him down again. Ha!——

Enter my Lord Plausible.

My dear Lord, your most humble Servant.

[*Rises, and salutes* Plausible, *and kisses him.*

Eliz. So, I find kissing and railing succeed each other with the angry Men, as well as with the angry Women; and their quarrels are like Love-quarrels, since absence is the only cause of them; for as soon as the Man appears again, they are over. [*Aside.*

L. Plaus. Your most faithful, humble Servant, generous Mr. *Novel*; and, Madam, I am your eternal Slave, and kiss your fair hands; which I had done sooner,

ſooner, according to your commands, but——

Oliv. No excuſes, my Lord.

Eliz. What, you ſent for him then, Couſin? [*Apart.*

Nov. Ha! invited! [*Aſide.*

Oliv. I know you muſt divide your ſelf; for your good company is too general a good, to be ingroſs'd by any particular Friend.

L. Plauſ. O Lord, Madam, my company! your moſt obliged, faithful, humble Servant; but I cou'd have brought you good company indeed, for I parted at your door with two of the worthieſt, braveſt Men——

Oliv. Who were they, my Lord?

Nov. Who do you call the worthieſt, braveſt men, pray?

L. Plauſ. O the wiſeſt, braveſt Gentlemen! Men of ſuch Honour, and Vertue! of ſuch good qualities! ah——

Eliz. This is a Coxcomb, that ſpeaks ill of all people a different way, and libels every body with dull praiſe, and commonly in the wrong place, ſo makes his Panegyricks abuſive Lampoons. [*Aſide.*

Oliv. But pray let me know who they were.

L. Plauſ. Ah! ſuch patterns of Heroick Vertue! ſuch——

Nov. Well, but who the Divil were they?

L. Plauſ. The Honour of our Nation, the glory of our Age, ah! I cou'd dwell a Twelvemonth on their praiſe; which indeed I might ſpare by telling their Names: Sir *John Current*, and Sir *Richard Court-Title*.

Nov. Court-Title! Hah, ha.——

Oliv. And Sir *John Current*! Why will you keep ſuch a Wretch company, my Lord?

L. Plauſ. Oh, Madam, ſeriouſly you are a little too ſevere; for he is a Man of unqueſtion'd reputation in every thing.

Oliv. Yes, becauſe he endeavours only with the Women, to paſs for a Man of Courage; and with the Bullies, for a Wit; with the Wits, for a Man of buſineſs; and with the Men of buſineſs, for a Favourite at Court: and at Court, for good City-ſecurity.

Nov. And for Sir *Richard*, he——

L. Plauſ. He loves your choice, pick'd company; perſons that——

Oliv. He loves a Lord indeed; but——

Nov. Pray, dear Madam, let me have but a bold ſtroke or two at his Picture. He loves a Lord, as you ſay, tho'——

Oliv. Tho' he borrow'd his Money, and ne'er paid him again.

Nov. And wou'd beſpeak a place three days before at the back-end of a Lords Coach, to *Hide-park*.

L. Plauſ. Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are both too ſevere.

Oliv. Then, to ſhew yet more his paſſion for quality, he makes love to that fulſom Coach-load of Honour, my Lady *Goodly*; for he is always at her Lodging.

L. Plauſ. Becauſe it is the Conventicle-Gallant, the Meeting-houſe of all the fair Ladies, and glorious Superfine Beauties of the Town.

Nov. Very fine Ladies! there's firſt——

Oliv. Her Honour, as fat as an Hoſteſs.

L. Plauſ. She is ſomething plump indeed, a goodly, comely, graceful perſon.

Nov. Then there's my Lady *Frances*, what d'ye call'er? ugly——

Oliv. As a Citizens lawfully begotten Daughter.

L. Plauſ. She has wit in abundance; and the handſomeſt heel, elbow, and tip of an ear, you ever ſaw.

Nov. Heel, and elbow! hah, ha! And there's my Lady *Betty* you know——

Oliv. As ſluttiſh, and flatternly, as an *Iriſh* Woman bred in *France*.

L. Plauſ. Ah, all ſhe has hangs with a looſe Air indeed, and becoming negligence.

Eliz. You ſee all faults with Lovers eyes, I find, my Lord.

L. Plauſ. Ah, Madam, your moſt obliged, faithful, humble Servant to command! But you can ſay nothing ſure againſt the Superfine Miſtreſs——

Oliv. I know who you mean, She is as cenſorious and detracting a Jade, as a ſuperannuated Sinner.

L. Plauſ. She has a ſmart way of Railery, 'tis confeſt.

Nov. And then, for Mrs. *Grideline*.

L. Plauſ. She I'm ſure is——

Oliv. One that never ſpoke ill of any body, 'tis confeſt; for ſhe is as ſilent in converſation as a Country-Lover, and no better company than a Clock, or a Weather-glaſs; for if ſhe ſounds, 'tis but once an hour, to put you in mind of the time of day, or tell you 'twill be cold or hot, rain or ſnow.

L. Plauſ. Ah, poor Creature! ſhe's extreamly good and modeſt.

Nov. And for Mrs. *Bridlechin*, ſhe's——

Oliv. As proud as a Churchman's Wife.

L. Plauſ. She's a Woman of great ſpirit and honour, and will not make her ſelf cheap, 'tis true.

Nov. Then Mrs. *Hoyden*, that calls all people by their Sirnames, and is——

Oliv. As familiar a Duck——

Nov. As an Actreſs in the Tyring-room. There I was once before-hand with you, Madam.

L. Plauſ. Mrs. *Hoyden*! a poor, affable, good-natur'd Soul: But the Divine Mrs. *Triſle*, comes thither too: ſure her beauty, vertue, and conduct, you can ſay nothing to.

Oliv. No!

Nov. No! ——pray let me ſpeak, Madam.

Oliv. Frſt, can any one be call'd beautiful that ſquints?

L. Plauſ. Her eyes languiſh a little, I own.

Nov. Languiſh! hah, ha.

Oliv. Languiſh! Then, for her conduct, ſhe was ſeen at the *Country-Wife*, after the firſt day. There's for you, my Lord.

L. Plauſ. But, Madam, ſhe was not ſeen to uſe her Fan all the Play long, turn aſide her head, or by a conſcious bluſh, diſcover more guilt than modeſty.

Oliv. Very fine! then you think a Woman modeſt, that ſees the hideous *Country-Wife*. without bluſhing, or publiſhing her deteſtation of it? D'ye hear him, Couſin?

Eliz. Yes; and am, I muſt confeſs, ſomething of his opinion, and think that as an over-captious Fool at a Play, by endeavouring to ſhew the Au-

thor's

thor's want of Wit, expoſes his own to more cenſure: ſo may a Lady call her own modeſty in queſtion, by publickly cavilling with the Poets; for all thoſe grimaces of honour, and artificial modeſty, diſparage a Woman's real Vertue, as much as the uſe of white and red does the natural complexion; and you muſt uſe very, very little, if you wou'd have it thought your own.

Oliv. Then you wou'd have a Woman of Honour with paſſive looks, ears, and tongue, undergo all the hideous obſcenity ſhe hears at naſty Plays?

Eliz. Truly I think a Woman betrays her want of modeſty, by ſhewing it publickly in a Play-houſe, as much as a Man does his want of courage by a quarrel there; for the truly modeſt and ſtout ſay leaſt, and are leaſt exceptious, eſpecially in publick.

Oliv. O hideous! Couſin, this cannot be your opinion; but you are one of thoſe who have the confidence to pardon the filthy Play.

Eliz. Why, what is there of ill in't, ſay you?

Oliv. O fy, fy, fy, won'd you put me to the bluſh anew? call all the blood into my face again? But to ſatisfie you then, firſt the clandeſtine obſcenity in the very name of *Horner*.

Eliz. Truly, 'tis ſo hidden, I cannot find it out, I confeſs.

Oliv. O horrid! does it not give you the rank conception, or image of a Goat, or Town-Bull, or a Satyr? nay, what is yet a filthier image than all the reſt, that of an *Eunuch*?

Eliz. What then? I can think of a Goat, a Bull, or Satyr, without any hurt.

Oliv. I, but, Couſin, one cannot ſtop there.

Eliz. I can, Couſin.

Oliv. O no; for when you have thoſe filthy creatures in your head once, the next thing you think, is what they do; as their defiling of honeſt Mens Beds and Couches, Rapes upon ſleeping and waking Country-Virgins, under Hedges and on Haycocks: nay, further——

Eliz. Nay; no farther, Couſin, we have enough of your Comment on the Play, which will make me more aſham'd than the Play it ſelf.

Oliv. O, believe me, 'tis a filthy Play, and you may take my word for a filthy Play, as ſoon as anothers; but the filthieſt thing in that Play, or any other Play, is——

Eliz. Pray keep it to your ſelf, if it be ſo.

Oliv. No, faith, you ſhall know it, I'm reſolv'd to make you out of love with the Play; I ſay, the lewdeſt, filthieſt thing, is his *China*; nay, I will never forget the beaſtly Author his *China*: he has quite taken away the reputation of poor *China*? it ſelf, and ſully'd the moſt innocent and pretty Furniture of a Ladies Chamber; inſomuch, that I was fain to break all my defil'd Veſſels. You ſee I have none left; nor you, I hope.

Eliz. You'll pardon me, I cannot think the worſe of my *China*, for that of the Play-houſe.

Oliv. Why, you will not keep any now ſure! 'tis now as unfit an ornament for a Ladies Chamber, as the Pictures that come from *Italy*, and other hot Countries, as appears by their nudities, which always cover, or ſearch out, whereſoe're I find 'em. But *China!* out upon't, filty *China*, naſty, debauch'd *China!*

Eliz.

Eliz. All this will not put me out of conceit with *China*, nor the Play, which is acted to day, or another of the same beastly Author's, as you call him, which I'll go see.

Oliv. You will not sure! nay, you sha'not venture your reputation by going, and mine by leaving me alone with two men here: nay, you'll disoblige me for ever, if——— [*Pulls her back.*

Eliz. I stay! ——your Servant. [*Exit* Eliza.

Oliv. Well——but, my Lord, tho' you justifie every body, you cannot in earnest uphold so beastly a Writer, whose Ink is so smutty, as one may say.

L. Plaus. Faith, I dare swear the poor man did not think to disoblige the Ladies, by any amorous, soft, passionate, luscious saying in his Play.

Oliv. Fy, my Lord; but what think you, Mr. *Novel*, of the Play? tho' I know you are a Friend to all that are new.

Nov. Faith, Madam, I must confess, the new Plays wou'd not be the worse for my advice, but I cou'd never get the silly Rogues, the Poets, to mind what I say; but I'll tell you what counsel I gave the surly Fool you spake of.

Oliv. What was't?

Nov. Faith, to put this Play in Rithme; for Rithme, you know often makes mystical Nonsence pass with the Criticks for Wit, and a double meaning saying with the Ladies, for soft, tender, and moving passion. But now I talk of passion, I saw your old Lover this morning——Captain——

[*Whispers.*

Enter Captain Manly, Freeman *and* Fidelia *standing behind.*

Oliv. Whom?——nay, you need not whisper.

Man. We are luckily got hither unobserv'd:——How! in a close conversation with these supple Rascals, the Out-casts of Sempstresses shops?

Free. Faith, pardon her, Captain, that since she cou'd no longer be entertain'd with your manly bluntness, and honest love, she takes up with the pert chat and common-place flattery of these fluttering Parrots of the Town, Apes and Ecchoes of Men only.

Man. Do not you, Sir, play the Ecchoo too, mock me, dally with my own words, and shew your self as impertinent as they are.

Free. Nay, Captain——

Fid. Nay, Lieutenant, do not excuse her, methinks she looks very kindly upon 'em both, and seems to be pleas'd with what that Fool there says to her.

Man. You lye, Sir, and hold your peace, that I may not be provok'd to give you a worse reply.

Oliv. *Manly* return'd, d'ye say! And is he safe?

Nov. My Lord saw him too. Heark you, my Lord.

[*Whispers to* Plausible.

Man. She yet seems concern'd for my safety, and perhaps they are admitted now here but for their news of me; for intelligence indeed is the common Passport of nauseous Fools, when they go their round of good Tables and Houses. [*Aside.*

Oliv. I heard of his fighting only, without particulars, and confess I always lov'd his Brutal courage, because it made me hope it might rid me of his

his more Brutal love.

Man. What's that? [*Apart.*

Oliv. But is he at laſt return'd, d'ye ſay, unhurt?

Nov. Ay faith, without doing his buſineſs; for the Rogue has been theſe two years pretending to a wooden Leg, which he wou'd take from Fortune, as kindly as the Staff of a *Marſhal* of *France*, and rather read his name in a *Gazet*.

Oliv. Than in the Entail of a good Eſtate.

Man. So! ——— [*Aſide.*

Nov. I have an Ambition, I muſt confeſs, of loſing my heart, before ſuch a fair Enemy as your ſelf, Madam, but that ſilly Rogues ſhou'd be ambitious of loſing their Arms, and———

Oliv. Looking like a pair of Compaſſes.

Nov. But he has no uſe of his Arms, but to ſet 'em on Kimbow, for he never pulls off his Hat, at leaſt not to me, I'm ſure; for you muſt know, Madam, he has a fanatical hatred to good Company: he can't abide me.

L. Plauſ. O, be not ſo ſevere to him, as to ſay he hates good Company; for I aſſure you, he has a great reſpect, eſteem and kindneſs for me.

Man. That kind, civil Rogue has ſpoken yet ten thouſand times worſe of me, than t'other.

Oliv. Well, if he be return'd, Mr. *Novel*, then ſhall I be peſter'd again with his boiſterous Sea-Love; have my Alcove ſmell like a Cabin, my Chamber perfumed with his Tarpaulin Brandenburge, and hear vollies of Brandy ſighs, enough to make a Fog in ones Room. Foh! I hate a Lover that ſmells like *Thames ſtreet*.

Man. I can bear no longer, and need hear no more. [*Aſide.* But, ſince you have theſe two Pulvillio Boxes, theſe Eſſence Bottles, this pair of Muſk-Cats here, I hope, I may venture to come yet nearer you.

Oliv. Over-heard us then?

Nov. I hope he heard me not. [*Aſide.*

L. Plauſ. Moſt noble and Heroick Captain, your moſt oblig'd, faithful, humble Servant.

Nov. Dear Tar, thy humble Servant.

Man. Away——Madam———

Oliv. Nay, I think I have fitted you for liſtning.

[*Thruſts* Novel *and* Plauſible *on each ſide.*

Man. You have fitted me, for believing you cou'd not be fickle, tho' you were young; cou'd not diſſemble Love, tho' 'twas your intereſt; nor be vain, tho' you were handſom; nor break your promiſe, tho' to a parting Lover; nor abuſe your beſt Friend, tho' you had Wit: but I take not your contempt of me worſe, than your eſteem, or civility for theſe things here, tho' you know 'em.

Nov. Things!

L. Plauſ. Let the Captain Railly a little.

Man. Yes, things; canſt thou be angry, thou thing?

[*Coming up to* Novel.

Nov. No, ſince my Lord ſays you ſpeak in Raillery; for though your Sea-raillery be ſomething rough, yet I confeſs, we uſe one another to as bad every day,

day, at *Lockets*, and never quarrel for the matter.

L. Plauſ. Nay, noble Captain, be not angry with him: a word with you, I beſeech you———— *Whiſp. to* Manly.

Oliv. Well, we Women, like the reſt of the Cheats of the World, when our cullies or Creditors have found us out, and will, or can truſt no longer, pay Debts, and ſatisfie Obligations, with a quarrel, the kindeſt Preſent a Man can make to his Miſtreſs, when he can make no more Preſents: for often-times in love, as at Cards, we were forc'd to Play foul, only to give over the game; and uſe our Lovers like the Cards, when we can get no more by 'em, throw 'em up in a pet, upon the firſt diſpute. [*Aſide.*

Man. My Lord, all that you have made me know by your whiſpering, which I knew not before, is, that you have a ſtinking breath, there's a ſecret, for your ſecret.

L. Plauſ. Pſhaw! Pſhaw!

Man. But, Madam, tell me, pray, what was't, about this Spark, cou'd take you? was it the merit of his faſhionable Impudence, the briskneſs of his noiſe, the wit of his laugh, his Judgment: or fancy in his garniture? or was it a well-trim'd Glove, or the Scent of it that charm'd you?

Nov. Very well, Sir, 'gad theſe Sea-Captains make nothing of dreſſing: but let me tell you, Sir, a man by his dreſs, as much as by any thing, ſhews his wit and Judgment, nay, and his courage too.

Free. How, his courage, Mr. *Novel*?

Nov. Why, for example, by red breeches, tuck'd up Hair and Perruke, a greaſie Broad-Belt, and now adays a ſhort Sword.

Man. Thy courage will appear more by thy Belt, than thy Sword, I dare ſwear. Then, Madam, for this gentle piece of courteſie, this man of tame Honour, what cou'd you find in him? was it his languiſhing affected tone? his mannerly look? his ſecond-hand flattery? the refuſe of the Play-houſe tiring-rooms? or his ſlaviſh obſequiouſneſs, in watching at the door of your Box at the Play-houſe, for your hand to your Chair? or his janty way of playing with your Fan? or was it the Gun-powder ſpot on his hand, or the Jewel in his ear, that purchas'd your Heart?

Oliv. Good jealous Captain, no more of your———

L. Plauſ. No, let him go on, Madam, for perhaps he may make you laugh: and I wou'd contribute to your pleaſure any way.

Man. Gentle Rogue!

Oliv. No, noble Captain, you cannot ſure think any thing cou'd take me more than that heroick Title of yours, Captain; for you know we Women love honour inordinately.

Nov. Hah, ha, faith ſhe is with thee, Bully, for thy Railery.

Man. Faith ſo ſhall I be with you, no Bully, for your grinning. [*Aſide to* Novel.

Oliv. Then that noble Lyon-like meen of yours, that Soldier-like weather-beaten complexion, and that manly roughneſs of your voice; how can they otherwiſe than charm us Women, who hate Effeminacy!

Nov. Hah, ha! Faith I can't hold from laughing.

Man. Nor ſhall I from kicking anon. [*Aſide to* Novel.

Oliv.

Oliv. And then, that Captain-like carelesness in your dress, but especially your Scarf; 'twas just such another, only a little higher ty'd, made me in love with my Taylor as he past by my Window the last Training-day; for we Women adore a Martial Man, and you have nothing wanting to make you more one, or more agreeable, but a wooden Leg.

L. Plaus. Nay, i'faith, there your Ladyship was a Wag, and it was fine, just, and well Rally'd.

Nov. Ay, ay, Madam, with you Ladies too, Martial Men must needs be very killing.

Man. Peace, you *Bartholomew-Fair Buffoons*; and be not you vain that these laugh on your side, for they will laugh at their own dull jests; but no more of 'em, for I will only suffer now this Lady to be witty and merry.

Oliv. You wou'd not have your Panegyrick interrupted. I go on then to your humour. Is there any thing more agreeable, than the prettie sullenness of that? than the greatness of your courage? which most of all appears in your spirit of contradiction, for you dare give all Mankind the lye; and your opinion is your only Mistress, for you renounce that too, when it becomes another Mans.

Nov. Hah, hah! I cannot hold, I must laugh at thee Tar, faith!

L. Plaus. And i'faith, dear Captain, I beg your pardon, and leave to laugh at you too, tho' I protest I mean you no hurt; but, when a Lady Raillies, a stander by must be complaisant, and do her reason in laughing: Hah, ha.

Man. Why, you impudent, pitiful Wretches, you presume sure upon your Effeminacy to urge me; for you are in all things so like Women, that you may think it in me a kind of Cowardise to bear you.

Oliv. No Hectoring, good Captain.

Man. Or, perhaps, you think this Ladies presence secures you; but have a care, she has talk'd her self out of all the respect I had for her; and by using me ill before you, has given me a priviledge of using you so before her; but if you wou'd preserve your respect to her, and not be beaten before her, go, be gone immediately.

Nov. Be gone! what?

L. Plaus. Nay, worthy, noble, generous Captain.

Man. be gone, I say.

Nov. Be gone again! to us be gone!

Man. No chattering, Baboons, instantly be gone. Or——

[*Manly puts 'em out of the Room*: Novel *struts*, Plausible *cringes*.

Nov. Well, Madam, we'll go make the Cards ready in your Bed-chamber; sure you will not stay long with him. [*Ex.* Plaus. Nov.

Oliv. Turn hither your rage, good Captain Swagger-huff, and be saucy with your Mistress, like a true Captain; but be civil to your Rivals and Betters, and do not threaten any thing but me here; no, not so much as my Windows, nor do not think your self in the Lodgings of one of your Suburb-Mistresses beyond the *Tower*.

Man. Do not give me cause to think so, for those less infamous Women part with their Lovers, just as you did from me, with unforc'd vows of constancy, and floods of willing tears; but the same winds bear away their

Lovers and their vows: And for their grief, if the credulous unexpected Fools return, they find new Comforters, fresh Cullies, such as I found here. The mercenary love of those Women too suffers shipwrack, with their Gallants fortunes; now you have heard *Chance* has us'd me scurvily, therefore you do too. Well, persevere in your ingratitude, falshood, and disdain; have constancy in something, and I promise you to be as just to your real scorn, as I was to your feign'd love: And henceforward will despise, contemn, hate, loath, and detest you, most faithfully.

Enter Lettice.

Oliv. Get the Hombre-Cards ready in the next Room, *Lettice*, and——

[*Whispers to* Lettice.

Free. Bravely resolv'd, Captain.

Fid. And you'll be sure to keep your word, I hope, Sir?

Man. I hope so too.

Fid. Do you but hope it, Sir? if you are not as good as your word, 'twill be the first time you ever brag'd, sure.

Man. She has restor'd my reason with my heart.

Free. But now you talk of restoring, Captain, there are other things which, next to one's heart, one wou'd not part with; I mean your Jewels and Money, which it seems she has, Sir.

Man. what's that to you, Sir?

Free. Pardon me, whatsoever is yours, I have a share in't, I'm sure, which I will not lose for asking, tho' you may be too generous, or too angry now to do't your self.

Fid. Nay, then I'le make bold to make claim too.

[*Both going towards* Olivia.

Man. Hold, you impertinent, officious Fops——— How have I been deceiv'd! [*Aside.*

Free. Madam, there are certain Appurtenances to a Lover's heart, call'd Jewels, which always go along with it.

Fid. And which, with Lovers, have no value in themselves, but from the heart they come with; our Captains, Madam, it seems you scorn to keep, and much more will those worthless things without it, I am confident.

Oliv. A Gentleman so well made as you are, may be confident——as easie Women cou'd not deny you any thing you ask, if 'twere for your self; but, since 'tis for another, I beg your leave to give him my answer. (An agreeable young fellow this! —And wou'd not be my Aversion!) [*Aside.*] Captain, your young Friend here has a very perswading Face, I confess; yet you might have ask'd me your self for those Trifles you left with me, which (hark you a little, for I dare trust you with the secret: you are a Man of so much Honour I'm sure;) I say then, not expecting your return, or hoping ever to see you again, I have deliver'd your Jewels to——[*Aside to* Man.

Man. Whom?

Oliv. My Husband!

Man. Your Husband.

Oliv. Ay, my Husband; for since you cou'd leave me, I am lately and privately marry'd to one, who is a Man of so much Honour and Experience in

in the World, that I dare not ask him for your Jewels again to restore 'em to you; lest he could conclude you never wou'd have parted with 'em to me, on any other score, but the exchange of my Honour: which rather than you'd let me lose, you'd lose I'm sure your self, those Trifles of yours.

Man. Triumphant impudence! but marry'd too!

Oliv. O, speak not so loud, my Servants know it not: I am marry'd; there's no resisting one's Destiny, or Love, you know.

Man. Why did you love him too?

Oliv. Most passionately; nay, love him now, tho' I have marry'd him, and he me; which mutual love, I hope you are too good, too generous a Man to disturb, by any future claim, or visits to me. 'Tis true, he is now absent in the Country, but returns shortly; therefore I beg of you, for your own ease and quiet, and my Honour, you will never see me more.

Man. I wish I never had seen you.

Oliv. But if you shou'd ever have any thing to say to me hereafter, let that young Gentleman there be your Messenger.

Man. You wou'd be kinder to him: I find he shou'd be welcome.

Oliv. Alas, his youth wou'd keep my Husband from suspicions, and his visits from scandal; for we Women may have pity for such as he, but no love: And I already think you do not well to spirit him away to Sea, and the Sea is already but too rich with the spoils of the shore.

Man. True perfect Woman!—If I cou'd say any thing more injurious to her now, I wou'd; for I cou'd out-rail a bilk'd Whore, or a kick'd Coward: but, now I think on't, that were rather to discover my love than hatred; and I must not talk, for something I must do. [*Aside.*

Oliv. I think I have given him enough of me now, never to be troubled with him again—— [*Aside.*

Enter Lettice.

Well, *Lettice*, are the Cards and all ready within? I come then. Captain, I beg your pardon: You will not make one at Hombre?

Man. No, Madam, but I'll wish you a little good luck before you go.

Oliv. No, if you wou'd have me thrive, Curse me; for that you'll do heartily, I suppose.

Man. Then if you will have it so, May all the Curses light upon you Women ought to fear, and you deserve; first may the Curse of loving Play attend your fordid Covetousness, and Fortune cheat you, by trusting to her, as you have cheated me; the Curse of Pride, or a good reputation, fall on your Lusts; the Curse of Affectation on your Beauty; the Curse of your Husband's company on your Pleasures; and the Curse of your Gallants disappointments in his absence; and the Curse of scorn, jealousie, or despair, on your love: and then the Curse of loving on.

Oliv. And to requite all your Curses, I will only return you your last; may the Curse of loving me still, fall upon your proud hard heart, that cou'd be so cruel to me in these horrid Curses: but Heaven forgive you. [*Exit* Oliv.

Man. Hell and the Devil reward thee.

Free. Well, you see now, Mistresses, like Friends, are lost by letting 'em handle your Money; and most Women are such kind of Witches, who can

have no power over a Man, unless you give 'em Money: but when once they have got any from you, they never leave you, till they have all: therefore I never dare give a Woman a farthing.

Man. Well, there is yet this comfort by losing one's Money with one's Mistress, a Man is out of danger of getting another; of being made prize again by love; who, like a Pirate, takes you by spreading false Colours: but when once you have run your Ship aground, the treacherous Picaroon loofs, so by your ruine you save your self from slavery at least.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mrs. *Lettice*, here's Madam *Blackacre* come to wait upon her Honour.

Man. D'ye hear that? let us be gone, before she comes; for hence forward I'll avoid the whole damn'd Sex for ever, and Woman as a sinking Ship. [*Ex.* Man. *and* Fid.

Free. And I'll stay, to revenge on her your quarrel to the Sex; for out of love to her Jointure, and hatred to business, I won'd marry her, to make an end of her thousand Suits, and my thousand engagements, to the comfort of two unfortunate sorts of people; my plaintiffs, and her Defendants; my Creditors, and her Adversaries.

Enter Widow Blackacre *led in by Major* Oldfox, *and* Jerry Blackacre *following, laden with green Bags.*

Wid. 'Tis an arrant Sea-Ruffian, but I am glad I met with him at last, to serve him again, Major, for the last service was not good in Law. *Boy*, *Duck*, *Jerry*, where is my Paper of *Memorandums*? give me, Child: so, Where is my Cousin *Olivia*, now my kind Relation?

Free. Here is one that won'd be your kind Relation, Madam.

Wid. What mean you, Sir?

Free. Why, faith, (to be short) to marry you, Widow.

Wid. Is not this the wild, rude person we saw at Captain *Manly's*?

Jer. Ay, forsooth, an't please.

Wid. What won'd you? what are you? Marry me!

Free. Ay faith, for I am a younger Brother, and you are a Widow.

Wid. You are an impertinent person, and go about your business.

Free. I have none, but to marry thee, Widow.

Wid. But I have other business, I'd have you to know.

Free. But you have no business anights, Widow; and I'll make you pleasanter business than any you have: for anights, I assure you, I am a Man of great business; for the business——

Wid. Go, I'm sure you're an idle Fellow.

Free. Try me but, Widow, and employ me as you find my abilities, and industry.

Old. Pray be civil to the Lady, Mr.——she is a person of Quality, a person that is no person——

Free. Yes, but she's a person that is a Widow: be you mannerly to her, because you are to pretend only to be her Squire, to arm her to her Lawyers Chambers; but I will be impudent and bawdy, for she must love and marry me.

Wid.

Wid. Marry come up, you saucy familiar *Jack!* You think with us Widows, 'tis no more than up, and ride. Gad forgive me now adays, every idle, young, hectoring, roaring Companion, with a pair of turn'd red Breeches, and a broad Back, thinks to carry away any Widow, of the best degree; but I'd have you to know, Sir, all Widows are not got, like places at Court, by impudence and importunity only.

Old. No, no, soft, soft, you are a young man, and not fit——

Free. For a Widow? Yes sure, old Man, the fitter.

Old. Go to, go to, if others had not laid in their claims before you——

Free. Not you, I hope.

Old. Why not I, Sir? Sure I am a much more proportionable match for her, than you, Sir; I who am an elder Brother, of a comfortable Fortune, and of equal Years with her.

Wid. How's that? You unmannerly person, I'd have you to know, I was born but in *Ann° undec. Caroli prim°*.

Old. Your pardon, Lady, your pardon; be not offended with your very Servant——But I say, Sir, you are a beggarly younger Brother, twenty years younger than her; without any Land or Stock, but your great stock of Impudence: therefore what pretension can you have to her?

Free. You have made it for me; first, because I am a younger Brother.

Wid. Why, is that a sufficient Plea to a Relict?
How appears it, Sir? by what foolish Custom?

Free. By custom, time out of mind only. Then, Sir, because I have nothing to keep me after her death, I am the likelier to take care of her life. And for my being twenty years younger than her, and having a sufficient stock of Impudence, I leave it to her whether they will be valid exceptions to me, in her Widow's Law or Equity.

Old. Well, she has been so long in *Chancery*, that I'll stand to her Equity and Decree between us. Come, Lady, pray snap up this young snap at first, or we shall be troubled with him; give him a City-Widow's Answer: (that is with all the ill breeding imaginable) (*Aside to the* Wid. Come, Madam.

Wid. Well then, to make an end of this foolish Wooing, for nothing interrupts business more; first, for you, Major——

Old. You declare in my favour then?

Free. What, direct the Court? (Come, young Lawyer, thou shalt be a Counsel for me) [*To* Jerr.

Jer. Gad, I shall betray your Cause then, as well as an older Lawyer, never stir.

Wid. First, I say, for you, Major, my walking Hospital of an ancient Foundation, thou Bag of Mummy, that wou'd'st fall asunder, if 'twere not for thy Cere-cloaths——

Old. How, Lady?

Free. Hah, ha——

Jer. Hey, brave Mother! use all Suitors thus, for my sake.

Wid. Thou wither'd hobling, distorted Cripple; nay, thou art a Cripple all over; wou'd'st thou make me the Staff of thy Age, the Crutch of thy Decrepidness? Me—— *Free.*

Free. Well said, Widow! faith, thou wou'dst make a man love thee now, without dissembling.

Wid. Thou senseless, impertinent, quibling, driveling, feeble, paralytick, impotent, fumbling, frigid Nicompoop.

Jer. Hey, brave Mother, for calling of names, ifac!

Wid. Woud'st thou make a Candlemaker, a Nurse of me? Can't you be Bed-rid without a Bed-fellow? Won't your Swan-skins, Furrs, Flannels, and the scorch'd Trencher keep you warm there? Wou'd you have me your Scotch Warming-pan, with a pox to you? Me! ——

Old. O Heavens!

Free. I told you I shou'd be thought the fitter Man, Major.

Jer. Ay, you old Fobus, and you wou'd have been my Guardian, wou'd you? to have taken care of my Estate, that half of't shou'd never come to me, by letting long Leases at Pepper-corn Rents?

Wid. If I wou'd have marry'd an old Man, 'tis well known I might have marry'd an Earl; nay, what's more, a Judge, and been covered the Winter-nights with the Lambs-skins, which I prefer to the Ermins of Nobles: And durst thou think I wou'd wrong my poor Minor there, for you?

Free. Your Minor is a chopping Minor, God bless him.

[*Strokes Jerry on the head.*

Old. Your Minor may be a Major of Horse or Foot, for his bigness; and it seems, you will have the cheating of your Minor to your self.

Wid. Pray, Sir, bear Witness; cheat my Minor! I'll bring my Action of the Case for the slander.

Free. Nay, I wou'd bear false Witness for thee now, Widow, since you have done me justice, and have thought me the fitter Man for you.

Wid. Fair, and softly, Sir, 'tis my Minor's Case, more than my own: And I must do him justice now on you.

Free. How?

Old. So then.

Wid. You are first, (I warrant) some Renegado from the Inns of Court, and the Law; and thou'lt come to suffer for't by the Law: that is, be hang'd.

Jer. Not about your neck, forsooth, I hope.

Free. But, Madam ——

Old. Hear the Court.

Wid. Thou art some debauch'd, drunken, lewd, hectoring gaming Companion, and want'st some Widow's old Gold to nick upon; but, I thank you, Sir, that's for my Lawyers.

Free. Faith, we shou'd ne're quarrel about that; for Guineys wou'd serve my turn: but, Widow ——

Wid. Thou art a foul-mouth Boaster of thy Lust, a meer Bragadochio of thy strength for Wine and Women, and will bely thy self more than thou dost Women, and art every way a base deceiver of Women: And wou'd deceive me too, wou'd you?

Free. Nay, faith, Widow, this is judging without seeing the Evidence.

Wid. I say, you are a worn-out Whoremaster, at five and twenty, both in Body and Fortune: And cannot be trusted by the Common Wenches of the Town,

own, leſt you ſhou'd not pay 'em; nor by the Wives of the Town, leſt you ſhou'd pay 'em: ſo you want Women, and wou'd have me your Baud, to procure 'em for you.

Free. Faith, if you had any good Acquaintance, Widow, 'twou'd be civilly done of thee; for I am juſt come from Sea.

Wid. I mean, you wou'd have me keep you; that you might turn Keeper; for poor Widows are only us'd like Bauds by you; you go to Church with us, but to get other Women to lie with. In fine, you are a cheating, chouſing Spendthrift: And having ſold your own Annuity, wou'd waſte my Jointure.

Jer. And make havock of our Eſtate perſonal, and all our old gilt Plate; I ſhou'd ſoon be Picking up all our mortgag'd Apoſtle-Spoons, Bowls and Beakers out of moſt of the Ale-houſes, betwixt *Hercules Pillars* and the *Boat-ſwain* in *Wapping*: nay, and wou'd be ſcouring amongſt my Trees, and make 'em knock down one another, like routed reeling Watchmen at midnight. Wou'd you ſo, Bully?

Free. Nay, pr'ythee, Widow hear me.

Wid. No, Sir, I'd have you to know, thou pitiful, paltry, lath-back'd Fellow, if I wou'd have marry'd a young Man, 'tis well known, I cou'd have had any young Heir in *Norfolk*; nay, the hopefull'ſt young Man this day at the *Kings-Bench Bar*; I, that am a Relict and Executrix of known plentiful Aſſets and parts, who underſtand my ſelf and the Law: And wou'd you have me under Covert Baron again? No, Sir, no Covert Baron for me.

Free. But, dear Widow, hear me. I value you only, not your Jointure.

Wid. Nay, Sir, hold there; I know your love to a Widow, is covetouſneſs of her Jointure: And a Widow, a little ſtricken in years, with a good Jointure, is like an old Manſion-houſe in a good Purchace, never valu'd; but take one, take t'other: And perhaps, when you are in poſſeſſion, you'd neglect it, let it drop to the ground, for want of neceſſary repairs, or expences upon't.

Free. No, widow, one wou'd be ſure to keep all right, when one is to forfeit ones Leaſe by dilapidation.

Wid. Fie, fie, I neglect my buſineſs, with this fooliſh diſcourſe of Love. *Jerry* Child let me ſee the Liſt of the Jury: I'm ſure my Couſin *Olivia* has ſome Relations amongſt 'em. But where is ſhe?

Free. Nay, Widow, but hear me one word only.

Wid. Nay, Sir, no more, pray; I will no more hearken again to your fooliſh love-motions, than to offers of Arbitration. [*Ex.* Wid. *and* Jerr.

Free. Well, I'll follow thee yet; for he that has a pretenſion at Court, or to a Widow, muſt never give over for a little ill uſage.

Old. Therefore I'll get her by Aſſiduity, Patience and Long ſufferings, which you will not undergo; for you idle young Fellows leave off Love, when it comes to be Buſineſs; and Induſtry gets more Women than Love.

Free. Ay, Induſtry the Fool's and old Man's merit; but I'll be induſtrious too, and make a buſineſs on't, and get her by Law, Wrangling, and Conteſts, and not by ſufferings: And, becauſe you are no dangerous Rival, I'll give thee Counſel, Major.

If

If you Litigious Widow e're won'd gain,
Sigh not to her, but by the Law complain:
To her, as to a Bawd, Defendant sue
With Statutes, and make Justice pimp for you. [Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Westminster-Hall.

Enter Manly *and* Freeman, *two Sailors behind.*

Man. I Hate this place, worse than a Man that has inherited a *Chancery*-Suit: I wish I were well out on't again.

Free. Why, you need not be afraid of this place: for a Man without Money, needs no more fear a crowd of Lawyers, than a crowd of Pick-pockets.

Man. This, the Reverend of the Law wou'd have thought the Palace or Residence of Justice; but, if it be, she lives here with the State of a *Turkish* Emperour, rarely seen; and besieg'd rather than defended, by her numerous black Guard here.

Free. Methinks, 'tis like one of their own Halls, in *Christmas* time, whither, from all parts, Fools bring their Money, to try, by the Dice, (not the worst Judges) whether it shall be their own, or no: But after a tedious fretting and wrangling, they drop away all their Money, on both sides; and finding neither the better, at last, go emptily and lovingly away together, to the Tavern, joining their Curses against the young Lawyers Box, that sweeps all, like the old ones.

Man. Spoken like a Revelling *Christmas* Lawyer.

Free. Yes; I was one, I confess; but was fain to leave the Law, out of Conscience, and fall to making false Musters: rather chuse to Cheat the King, than his Subjects; Plunder, rather than take Fees.

Man. Well, a Plague, and a Purse Famine light on the Law; and that Female limb of it, who drag'd me hither to day: but pr'ythee go see if in that croud of Gagled Gowns there, thou canst find her.

[*Pointing to a croud of Lawyers, at the end of the Stage.*

[*Exit* Freeman.

Manet Manly.

How hard it is to be an Hypocrite!
At least to me, who am but newly so.
I thought it once a kind of Knavery,
Nay, Cowardise, to hide ones faults; but now
The common frailty, Love, becomes my shame.
He must not know I love th'ungrateful sex,
Lest he contemn me, more than she: for I,

It

It seems can undergo a Womans scorn,
But not a Mans———

Enter to him Fidelia.

Fid. Sir, good Sir, Generous Captain.

Man. Pr'ythee, kind impertinence, leave me. Why shou'dst thou follow me, flatter my Generosity now, since thou knowest I have no Money left? if I had it, I'd give it thee, to buy my quiet.

Fid. I never follow'd yet, Sir, Reward or Fame, but you alone; nor do I now beg any thing, but leave to share your miseries: You shou'd not be a Niggard of 'em, since, methinks, you have enough to spare. Let me follow you now, because you hate me, as you have often said.

Man. I ever hated a Coward's company, I must confess.

Fid. Let me follow you, till I am none then; for you, I'm sure, will through such Worlds of dangers, that I shall be enu'rd to 'em; nay, I shall be afraid of your anger more than danger, and so turn valiant out of fear. Dear Captain, do not cast me off till you have try'd me once more: do not, do not go to Sea again without me.

Man. Thou to Sea! to Court, thou Fool; remember the advice I gave thee: thou art a handsom Spaniel, and canst fawn naturally? go, busk about, and run thy self into the next great Man's Lobby: first fawn upon the Slaves without, and then run into the Ladies Bed-chamber; thou may'st be admitted at last, to tumble her Bed: go seek, I say, and lose me; for I am not able to keep thee: I have not Bread for my self.

Fid. Therefore I will not go, because then I may help and serve you.

Man. Thou! ———

Fid. I warrant you, Sir; for at worst, I cou'd beg or steal for you.

Man. Nay, more bragging! dost thou not know there's venturing your life in stealing? Go, pr'ythee, away: thou art as hard to shake off, as that flattering effeminating mischief, Love.

Fid. Love, did you name? Why, you are not so miserable as to be yet in Love, sure!

Man. No, no, pr'ythee away, be gone, or——— I had almost discover'd my Love and Shame; well if I had? that thing cou'd not think the worse of me: ———or if I did? ——no———yes he shall know it——he shall——but then I must never leave him, for they are such secrets, that make Parasites and Pimps Lords of their Masters; for any slavery or tyranny is easier than Love's. [*Aside.*

Come hither, since thou art so forward to serve me: hast thou but resolution enough to endure the torture of a secret? for such, to some, is insupportable.

Fid. I wou'd keep it as safe, as if your dear precious life depended on't.

Man. Dam your dearness. It concerns more than my life, my honour.

Fid. Doubt it not, Sir.

Man. And do not discover it, by too much fear of discovering it; but have a great care you let not *Freeman* find it out.

Fid. I warrant you, Sir, I am already all joy, with the hopes of your commands; and shall be all wings in the execution of 'em: speak quickly.

Man. You said you'd beg for me.

Fid. I did, Sir.

Man. Then you shall beg for me.

Fid. With all my heart, Sir.

Man. That is Pimp for me.

Fid. How, Sir?

Man. D'ye start! think'st thou, thou can'st do me any other service? Come, no dissembling honour: I know you can do it handsomly, thou wert made for't: You have lost your time with me at Sea, you must recover it.

Fid. Do not, Sir, beget your self more Reasons for your Aversion to me, and make my obedience to you a fault: I am the unfitest in the World, to do you such a Service.

Man. Your cunning arguing against it, shews but how fit you are for it. No more dissembling: here, (I say) you must go use it for me, to *Olivia*.

Fid. To her, Sir?

Man. Go flatter, lye, kneel, promise, any thing to get her for me: I cannot live unless I have her. Didst thou not say thou wou'dst do any thing, to save my life? And she said you had a perswading Face.

Fid. But, did not you say, Sir, your Honour was dearer to you, than your Life? And wou'd you have me contribute to the loss of that, and carry love from you, to the most infamous, most false, and———

Man. And most beautiful!———[*Sighs aside.*

Fid. Most ungrateful Woman, that ever liv'd; for sure she must be so, that cou'd desert you so soon, use you so basely, and so lately to: do not, do not forget it, Sir, and think———

Man. No, I will not forget it, but think of Revenge: I will lye with her out of Revenge. Go, be gone, and prevail for me, or never see me more.

Fid. You scorn'd her last night.

Man. I know not what I did last night; I dissembled last night.

Fid. Heavens!

Man. Be gone, I say, and bring me love or compliance back, or hopes at least, or I'le never see thy face again: by———

Fid. O do not swear, Sir, first hear me.

Man. I am impatient, away, you'll find me hear till twelve. [*Turns away.*

Fid. Sir———

Man. Not one word, no insinuating Argument more, or soothing perswasion; you'll have need of all your Rhetorick with her: go, strive to alter her, not me; be gone. [*Ex.* Man. *at the end of the Stage.*

Manet Fidelia.

Fid. Shou'd I discover to him now my Sex,
And lay before him his strange cruelty,
'Twould but incense it more.———No, 'tis not time.
For his Love, must I then betray my own?
Were ever Love or Chance, till now, severe?
Or shifting Woman pos'd with such a task?
Forc'd to beg that which kills her, if obtain'd;
And give away her Lover not to lose him. [*Ex.* Fidel.

Enter

Enter Widow Blackacre *in the middle of half a dozen Lawyers, whisper'd to by a Fellow in black,* Jerry Blackacre *following the Crowd.*

Wid. Offer me a Reference, you saucy Company you! d'ye know who you speak to? Art thou a Solicitor in *Chancery*, and offer a Reference? A pretty Fellow! Mr. Serjeant *Ploddon*, here's a Fellow has the impudence to offer me a Reference.

Serj. Plod. Who's that has the impudence to offer a Reference within these Walls?

Wid. Nay, for a Splitter of Causes to do't!

Serj. Plod. No, Madam, no Lady learned in the law, as you are, the offer of a Reference were to impose upon you.

Wid. No, no, never fear me for a Reference, Mr. Serjeant. But come, have you not forgot your Breif? Are you sure you shan't make the mistake of——Hark you——[*Whispers*] Go then, go to your Court of *Common-Pleas*, and say one thing over and over again: You do it so naturally, you'll never be suspected for protracting time.

Serj. Plod. Come, I know the course of the Court, and your Business. [*Exit* Serj. Plod.

Wid. Let's see, *Jerry*, where are my Minutes? Come, Mr. *Quaint*, pray go talk a great deal for me in the *Chancery*; let your words be easie, and your Sense hard, my Cause requires it. Branch it bravely, and deck my Cause with flowers, that the Snake may lie hidden. Go, go, and be sure you remember the Decree of my Lord Chancellor *Tricesimo quarto* of the Queen.

Quaint. I will, as I see cause, extenuate, or amplifie Matter of Fact; baffle Truth with impudence; answer Exceptions with Questions, tho' never so impertinent; for Reasons give 'em Words; for Law and Equity, Tropes and Figures: And so relax and enervate the sinews of their Argument, with the oyl of my Eloquence. But when my Lungs can reason no longer, and not being able to say any thing more for our Cause, say every thing of our Adversary; whose Reputation, though never so clear and evident in the eye of the World, yet with sharp Invectives——

Wid. (Alias *Billin'sgate.*)

Quaint. With poinant and sower Invectives, I say, I will deface, wipe out, and obliterate his fair Reputation, even as a Record with the juice of Lemons; and tell such a Story, (for, the truth on't is, all that we can do for our Client, in *Chancery*, is telling a Story) a fine Story, a long Story, such a Story.

Wid. Go, save thy breath for the Cause; talk at the Bar, Mr. *Quaint*. You are so copiously fluent, you can weary any ones ears, sooner than your own tongue. Go, weary our Adversaries Counsel, and the Court: Go, thou art a fine-spoken person: Adad, I shall make thy Wife jealous of me: if you can but court the Court into a Decree for us. Go, get you gone, remember——[*Whispers*] [*Exit* Quaint.

Come, Mr. *Blunder*, pray bawl soundly for me, at the *Kings-Bench*; bluster, sputter, question, cavil; but be sure your Argument be intricate enough to

confound the Court: And then you do my business. Talk what you will, but be sure your tongue never stand still; for your own noise will secure your Sense from Censure: 'tis like coughing or heming when one has got the Belly-ake, which stifles the unmannerly noise. Go, dear Rogue, and succeed; and I'll invite thee, ere it be long, to more sour'd Venison.

Blund. I'll warrant you, after your Verdict, your Judgment shall not be Arrested upon if's and and's.

Wid. Come, Mr. *Petulant*, let me give you some new instructions, for our Cause in the *Exchequer*: Are the Barons sate?

Pet. Yes, no; may be they are, may be they are not: what know I? what care I?

Wid. Hey day! I wish you wou'd but snap up the Counsel on t'other side anon, at the Bar, as much; and have a little more patience with me, that I might instruct you a little better.

Pet. You instruct me! What is my Brief for, Mistress?

Wid. Ay, but you seldom read your Brief, but at the Bar, if you do it then.

Pet. Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't, and perhaps 'tis time enough: pray hold your self contented, Mistress.

Wid. Nay, if you go there too, I will not be contented, Sir, tho' you, I see, will lose my Cause for want of speaking, I wo' not: You shall hear me, and shall be instructed. Let's see your Brief.

Pet. Send your Solicitor to me, instructed by a Woman! I'de have you to know, I do not wear a Bar-gown———

Wid. By a Woman! And I'd have you to know, I am no common Woman; but a Woman conversant in the Laws of the Land, as well as your self, tho' I have no Bar-gown.

Pet. Go to, go to, Mistress, you are impertinent, and there's your Brief for you: instruct me! [*Flings her Breviate at her.*

Wid. Impertinent to me, you saucy *Jack* you! You return my Breviate, but where's my Fee? You'll be sure to keep that, and scan that so well, that if there chance to be but a brass Half-crown in't, one's sure to hear on't again: wou'd you wou'd but look on your Breviate half so narrowly. But pray give me my Fee too, as well as my Brief.

Pet. Mistress, that's without President. When did a Counsel ever return his Fee, pray? And you are impertinent, and ignorant, to demand it.

Wid. Impertinent again, and ignorant to me! Gadbodikins, you puny Upstart in the Law, to use me so, you Green Bag Carrier, you Murderer of unfortunate Causes, the Clerks Ink is scarce off of your fingers, you that newly come from Lamblacking the Judges shooes, and are not fit to wipe mine; you call me impertinent and ignorant! I wou'd give thee a Cuff on the ear, sitting the Courts, if I were ignorant. Marry gep, if it had not been for me, thou had'st been yet but a hearing Counsel at the Bar. [*Exit* Petulant.

Enter Mr. Buttongown, *crossing the Stage in haste.*

Mr. *Buttongown*, Mr. *Buttongown*, whither so fast? what, won't you stay till we are heard?

Butt. I cannot, Mrs. *Blackacre*, I must be at the Council, my Lord's Cause stays there for me.

Wid.

Wid. And mine ſuffers here.

Butt. I cannot help it.

Wid. I'm undone.

Butt. What's that to me?

Wid. Conſider the five pound Fee, if not my Cauſe: that was ſomething to you.

Butt. Away, away, pray be not ſo troubleſom, Miſtreſs, I muſt be gone.

Wid. Nay, but conſider a little, I am your old Client, my Lord but a new one; or, let him be what he will, he will hardly be a better Client to you, than my ſelf: I hope you believe I ſhall be in Law as long as I live? therefore am no deſpicable Client. Well, but go to your Lord, I know you expect he ſhou'd make you a Judge one day: but I hope his promiſe to you will prove a true Lord's promiſe: But, that he might be ſure to fail you, I wiſh you had his Bond for't.

Butt. But what, will you be thus impertinent, Miſtreſs?

Wid. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, ſtay; if it be but to tell me my Lord's Caſe: come, in ſhort.

Butt. Nay, then——— [*Exit* Buttongown.

Wid. Well, *Jerry*, obſerve Child, and lay it up for hereafter: Theſe are thoſe Lawyers, who, by being in all Cauſes, are in none: therefore if you wou'd have 'em for you, let your Adverſary fee 'em; for he may chance to depend upon 'em: and ſo, in being againſt thee, they'll be for thee.

Jer. Ay, Mother, they put me in mind of the unconſcionable Wooers of Widows, who undertake briskly their Matrimonial buſineſs for their Money; but when they have got it once, let who's will drudge for them; therefore have a care of 'em, forſooth: there's Advice for your Advice.

Wid. Well ſaid, Boy, come, Mr. *Splitcauſe*, pray go ſee when my Cauſe in *Chancery* comes on; and go ſpeak with Mr. *Quillit* in the *Kings-Bench*, and Mr. *Quirk* in the *Common Pleas*, and ſee how our matters go there.

Enter Major Oldfox.

Old. Lady, a good and propitious morning to you; and may all your Cauſes go as well, as if I my ſelf were Judge of 'em.

Wid. Sir, excuſe me, I am buſie, and cannot anſwer Complements in *Weſtminſter-Hall*. Go, Mr. *Splitcauſe*, and come to me again, to that Bookſellers, there I'll ſtay for you, that you may be ſure to find me.

Old. No, Sir, come to the other Bookſellers, I'll attend your Ladiſhip thither. [*Exit* Splitcauſe.

Wid. Why to the other?

Old. Becauſe he is my Bookſeller, Lady.

Wid. What, to ſell you Lozenges for your Catarrh? or Medicines for your Corns? what elſe can a Major deal with a Bookſeller for?

Old. Lady, he prints for me.

Wid. Why, are you an Author?

Old. Of ſome few Eſſays; deign you, Lady, to peruſe 'em. (She is a Woman of parts, and I muſt win her by ſhewing mine.) [*Aſide.*

The Bookſeller's Boy.

Boy. Will you ſee *Culpepper*, Miſtreſs? *Ariſtotle's Problems*? The *Compleat Midwife*?

Wid.

Wid. No, let's see *Dalton*, *Hughs*, *Shepherd*, *Wingate*.

Boy. We have no Law-books.

Wid. No? You are a pretty Bookseller then.

Old. Come, have you e're a one of my Essays left?

Boy. Yes, Sir, we have enough, and shall always have 'em.

Old. How so?

Boy. Why, they are good, steady, lasting Ware.

Old. Nay, I hope they will live, let's see. Be pleas'd, Madam, to peruse the poor endeavours of my Pen; tho' I say it, that——

[*Gives her a Book.*

Jer. Pray let me see *St.* George *for Christendom*, or, *The Seven Champions of* England.

Wid. No no, give him, *The Young Clerk's Guide*. What, we shall have you read your self into a humor of Rambling, and Fighting, and studying Military Discipline, and wearing red Breeches!

Old. Nay, if you talk of Military Discipline, shew him my Treatise of *The Art of Military*.

Wid. Hold, I won'd as willingly he shou'd read a *Play*.

Jer. O pray, forsooth Mother, let me have a *Play*.

Wid. No, Sirrah, there are young Students of the Law enough spoil'd already by *Plays*; they won'd make you in love with your Landress, or what's worse, some Queen of the Stage, that was a Landress; and so turn Keeper before you are of age. [*Several crossing the Stage.*

But stay, *Jerry*, is it not that Mr. *what d'y' call him*, that goes there: he that offer'd to sell me a Suit in *Chancery* for five hundred pound, for a hundred down, and only paying the Clerks Fees?

Jer. Ay, forsooth,, 'tis he.

Wid. Then stay here, and have a care of the Bags, whil'st I follow him; have a care of the Bags, I say.

Jer. And do you have a care, forsooth, of the Statute against *Champertee*, I say. [*Exit* Widow.

Enter Freeman *to them.*

Free. So, there's a limb of my Widow, which was wont to be inseparable from her: she can't be far. [*Aside.*

How now, my pretty Son-in-law that shall be, where's my Widow?

Jer. My Mother, but not your Widow, will be forth-coming presently.

Free. Your Servant, Major; what, are you buying Furniture for a little sleeping Closet, which you miscal a Study? For you do only, by your Books, as by your Wenches, bind 'em up neatly, and make 'em fine, for other people to use 'em: And your Bookseller is properly your Upholster; for he furnishes your Room, rather than your Head.

Old. Well, well, good Sea-Lieutenant, study you your Compass, that's more than your head can deal with. (I will go find out the Widow, to keep her out of his sight, or he'll board her, whil'st I am treating a peace.) [*Aside.*

[*Exit* Oldfox.

Manent

Manent Freeman, Jerry.

Jer. Nay, pr'ythee, Friend, now, let me have but the *Seven Champions*, you ſhall truſt me no longer than till my Mothers Mr. *Splitcauſe* comes; for I hope he'll lend me wherewithal to pay for't.

Free. Lend thee! here, I'll pay him. Do you want Money, Squire? I'm ſorry a Man of your Eſtate ſhou'd want Money.

Jer. Nay, my Mother will ne're let me be at Age: And till then, ſhe ſays——

Free. At Age! Why, you are at Age already to have ſpent an Eſtate, Man; there are younger than you, have kept their Women this three years, have had half a dozen Claps, and loſt as many thouſand pounds at play.

Jer. Ay, they are happy Sparks! nay, I know ſome of my School-Fellows, who when we were at School, were two years younger than me; but now, I know not how, are grown Men before me, and go where they will, and look to themſelves: but my Curmudgeonly Mother won't allow me wherewithal to be a Man of my ſelf with.

Free. Why, there 'tis, I knew your Mother was in fault: Ask but your School-Fellows what they did to be Men of themſelves.

Jer. Why, I know they went to Law with their Mothers; for they ſay, there's no good to be done upon a Widow-Mother, till one goes to Law with her: but mine is as Plaguy a Lawyer as any's of our Inn. Then wou'd ſhe marry too, and cut down my Trees: Now I ſhou'd hate, Man, to have my Father's Wife kiſs'd, and ſlapt, and t'other thing too, (you know what I mean) by another Man; and our Trees are the pureſt, tall, even, ſhady twings, by my fa——

Free. Come, Squire, let your Mother and your Trees fall as ſhe pleaſes, rather than wear this Gown, and carry green Bags all thy life, and be pointed at for a Tony: But you ſhall be able to deal with her yet the Common way; thou ſhalt make falſe love to ſome Lawyer's Daughter, whoſe Father, upon thy hopes of thy Marrying her, ſhall lend thee Money and Law, to preſerve thy Eſtate and Trees; and thy Mother is ſo ugly, no body will have her, if ſhe cannot cut down thy Trees.

Jer. Nay, if I had but any Body to ſtand by me, I am as ſtomachful as another.

Free. That will I, I'le not ſee any hopeful young Gentleman abus'd.

Boy. By any other but your ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Jer. The truth on't is, mine's as arrant a Widow-Mother to her poor Child, as any's in *England*: ſhe won't as much as let one have ſix pence in ones Pocket to ſee a Motion, or the dancing of the Ropes, or——

Free. Come, you ſhan't want Money, there's Gold for you.

Jer. O Lord, Sir, two Guineys! d'ye lend me this? is there no trick in't? Well, Sir, I'll give you my Bond for Security.

Free. No, no, thou haſt given me thy Face for Security: And any body wou'd ſwear thou doſt not look like a Cheat. You ſhall have what you will of me; and if your Mother will not be kinder to you, come to me, who will.

Jer. By my fa——he's a curious fine Gentleman!—— [*Aſide.* But, will you ſtand by one?

Free.

Free. If you can be resolute.

Jer. Can be resolv'd! Gad, if she gives me but a cross word, I'll leave her to night, and come to you. But, now I have got Money. I'll go to *Jack of all Trades*, at t'other end of the *Hall*, and buy the neatest, purest things—

Jer. And I'll follow the great Boy, and my blow at his Mother: steal away the Calf, and the Cow will follow you.

[*Exit* Jerry *follow'd by* Freeman.

Enter, on the other side, Manly, *Widow* Blackacre, *and* Oldfox.

Man. Dam your Cause; can't you lose it without me? which you are like enough to do, if it be as you say, an honest one: I will suffer no longer for't.

Wid. Nay, Captain, I tell you, you are my prime Witness, and the Cause is just now coming on, Mr. *Splitcause* tells me. Lord, methinks you shou'd take a pleasure in walking here, as half you see now do; for they have no business here, I assure you.

Man. Yes, but I'll assure you then, their business is to persecute me; but d'ye think I'll stay any longer, to have a Rogue, because he knows my name, pluck me aside, and whisper a News-book-secret to me with a stinking breath? A second come piping angry from the Court, and sputter in my face his tedious complaint against it? A third Law-Coxcomb, because he saw me once at a Reader's dinner, come and put me a long Law-Case, to make a discovery of his indefatigable dulness, and my weary'd patience? A fourth, a most barbarous Civil Rogue, who will keep a Man half an hour in the crowd with a bow'd body, and a hat off, acting the reform'd Sign of the *Salutation*-Tavern, to here his bountiful professions of service and friendship; whil'st he cares not if I were damn'd, and I am wishing him hang'd out of my way; I'd as soon run the Gantlet, as walk t'other turn.

Enter to them Jerry Blackacre *without his Bags; but laden with Trinkets, which he endeavours to hide from his Mother: and follow'd at a distance by* Freeman.

Wid. O, are you come, Sir? But where have you been, you Ass? And how came you thus Laden?

Jer. Look here, forsooth, Mother, now here's a Duck, here's a Boar-cat, and here's an Owl. [*Making a noise with Cat-calls, and other such like instruments.*

Wid. Yes, there is an Owl, Sir.

Old. He's an ungracious Bird, indeed.

Wid. But go, thou Trangame, and carry back those Trangames, which thou hast stol'n or purloin'd; for no body wou'd trust a Minor in *Westminster-Hall*, sure.

Jer. Hold your self contented, forsooth, I have these Commodities by a fair Bargain and Sale; and there stands my Witness, and Creditor.

Wid. How's that! What, Sir, d'ye think to get the Mother, by giving the Child a Rattle? But where are my Bags, my Writings, you Rascal?

Jer.

Jer. O Law! Where are they indeed? [*Aside.*

Wid. How, Sirrah? speak, come——

Man. Who can tell her, *Freeman*, I suppose. [*Apart to him.*

Free. 'Tis true, I made one of your Salt-water Sharks steal 'em, whil'st he was eagerly chusing his Commodities, as he calls 'em, in order to my design upon his Mother. [*Apart to him.*

Wid. Won't you speak? Where were you, I say, you Son of a——an unfortunate Woman? O, Major, I'm undone; they are all that concern my Estate, my Jointure, my Husband's Deed of Gift, my Evidences for all my Suits now depending! What will become of them?

Free. I'm glad to hear this. [*Aside.*
They'll be safe, I warrant you, Madam.

Wid. O where? where? Come, you Villian, along with me, and shew me where. [*Exeunt* Widow, Jerry, Oldfox.

Manent Manly, Freeman.

Man. Thou hast taken the right way to get a Widow, by making her great Boy rebel; for, when nothing will make a Widow marry, she'll do't to cross her Children. But canst thou in earnest marry this Harpy, this Volume of shrivel'd blurd Parchments and Law, this Attornies Desk.

Free. Ay, ay, I'll marry, and live honestly: that is, give my Creditors, not her, due benevolence, pay my debts.

Man. Thy Creditors, you see, are not so barbarous, as to put thee in Prison, and will thou commit thy self to a noisom Dungeon for thy life? which is the only satisfaction thou canst give thy Creditors by this match.

Free. Why, is not she rich?

Man. Ay, but he that marries a Widow for her Money, will find himself as much mistaken, as the Widow that marries a young Fellow for due Benevolence, as you call it.

Free. Why, d'ye think I shan't deserve Wages? I'll drudge faithfully.

Man. I tell thee again, he that is the Slave in the Mine, has the least propriety in the Ore: You may dig, and dig; but if thou woo'dst have the Money, rather get to be her Trustee, than her Husband; for a true Widow will make over her Estate to any body, and cheat her self, rather than be cheated by her Children, or a second Husband.

Enter to them Jerry *running in a fright.*

Jer. O Law! I'm undone, I'm undone, my Mother will kill me: You said you'd stand by one.

Free. So I will, my brave Squire, I warrant thee.

Jer. Ay, but I dare not stay till she comes: for she's as furious, now she has lost her Writings as a Bitch when she has lost her Puppies.

Man. The Comparison's handsom!

Jer. O, she's there!

Enter Widow Blackacre, *and* Oldfox.

Free. [*To the Sailor.*] Take him *Jack*, and make haste with him, to your Master's Lodging; and be sure you keep him up till I come.

[*Ex.* Jerry *and* Sailor.

Wid. O my dear Writings! where's this heathen Rogue, my Minor?

Free. Gone to drown or hang himself.

Wid. No, I know him too well, he'll ne'r be *Felo de se* that way; but he may go and chuse a Guardian of his own head, and so be *Felo de se in them*, for he has not yet chosen one.

Free. Say you so? And he shan't want one. [*Aside.*

Wid. But, now I think on't, 'tis you, Sir, have put this Cheat upon me; for there is a saying, *Take hold of a Maid by her Smock, and a Widow by her Writings, and they cannot get from you*: But I'll play fast and loose with you yet, if there be Law; and my Minor and Writings are not forth-coming, I'll bring my Action of Detinue or Trover. But first I'll try to find out this Guardianless, graceless Villain: Will you jog, Major?

Man. If you have lost your Evidence, I hope your Causes cannot go on, and I may be gone?

Wid. O no, stay but a making Water while, (as one may say) and I'll be with you again. [*Ex* Widow, *and* Oldfox.

Manent Manly, Freeman.

Free. Well, sure I am the first Man that ever began a Love-Intrigue, in *Westminster-Hall*.

Man. No, sure; for the Love to a Widow generally begins here: And as the Widow's Cause goes against the Heir or Executors, the Jointure-Rivals commence their Suit to the Widow.

Free. Well, but how, pray, have you past your time here, since I was forc'd to leave you alone? You have had a great deal of Patience.

Man. Is this a place to be alone, or have patience in? But I have had patience indeed; for I have drawn upon me, since I came, but three Quarrels, and two Law-Suits.

Free. Nay, faith, you are too curst to be let loose in the World; you shou'd be ty'd up again in your Sea-kennel, call'd a Ship. But how cou'd you quarrel here?

Man. How cou'd I refrain? A Lawyer talk'd peremptorily and saucily to me, and as good as gave me the Lye.

Free. They do it so often to one another at the Bar, that they make no Bones on't elsewhere.

Man. However, I gave him a Cuff on the Ear; whereupon he jogs two Men, whose backs were turn'd to us, (for they were reading at a Bookseller's) to witness I struck him sitting the Courts; which office they so readily promis'd, that I call'd 'em Rascals, and Knights of the Post: one of 'em presently calls two other absent Witnesses, who were coming towards us at a distance: whil'st the other, with a whisper, desires to know my name, that he might have satisfaction by way of Challenge, as t'other by way of Writ; but if it were not rather to direct his Brother's Writ, than his own Challenge: there you see is one of my Quarrels, and two of my Law-Suits.

Free. So:——and the other two?

Man. For desiring a Poet to leave off Writing and turn Lawyer, because he is dull, and impudent, and says or writes nothing now, but by Precedent.

Free. And the third Quarrel?

Man. For giving more sin cere advice, to a handsom, well-dress, young fellow

Fellow (who ask'd it too) not to marry a Wench, that he lov'd, and I had lay'n with.

Free. Nay, if you will be giving your ſincere advice to Lovers, and Poets, you will not fail of Quarrels.

Man. Or, if I ſtay in this place; for I ſee more Quarrels crowding upon me: let's be gone and avoid 'em.

Enter Novel, *at a diſtance, coming towards them.*

A plague on him, that Sneer is ominous to us; he is coming upon us, and we ſhall not be rid of him.

Nov. Dear Bully, don't look ſo grum upon me, you told me juſt now, you had forgiven me a little harmleſs Raillery upon wooden legs laſt night.

Man. Yes, yes, pray be gone, I am talking of buſineſs.

Nov. Can't I hear it? I love thee, and will be faithful, and always——

Man. Impertinent! 'tis buſineſs that concerns *Freeman* only.

Nov. Well, I love *Freeman* too, and wou'd not divulge his ſecret: pr'ythee ſpeak, pr'ythee I muſt——

Man. Pr'ythee let me be rid of thee, I muſt be rid of thee.

Nov. Faith, thou canſt hardly, I love thee ſo. Come, I muſt know the buſineſs.

Man. So, I have it now. [*Aſide.*

Why, if you needs will know it, he has a quarrel, and his Adverſary bids him bring two Friends with him: now I am one; and we are thinking who we ſhall have for a third.

Several croſſing the Stage.

Nov. A pox, there goes a Fellow owes me an Hundred pound, and goes out of Town to morrow: I'll ſpeak with him, and come to you preſently. [*Exit* Novel.

Man. No, but you won't.

Free. You are dextrouſly rid of him.

Enter Oldfox.

Man. To what purpoſe, ſince here comes another, as impertinent? I know, by his grin, he is bound hither.

Old. Your Servant, worthy, noble Captain: Well, I have left the Widow, becauſe ſhe carry'd me from your Company; for faith, Captain, I muſt needs tell thee, thou art the only Officer in *England*, who was not an *Edghil*-Officer, that I care for.

Man. I'm ſorry for't.

Old. Why, wou'dſt thou have me love them?

Man. Any body, rather than me.

Old. What, you are modeſt, I ſee! therefore too, I love thee.

Man. No, I am not modeſt, but love to brag my ſelf, and can't patiently hear you fight over the laſt Civil War; therefore go look out the Fellow I ſaw juſt now here, that walks with his Stockings and his Sword out at heels, and let him tell you the Hiſtory of that ſcar on his cheek, to give you occaſion to ſhew yours, got in the field at *Bloomſbury*, not that at *Edghil*: go

to him, poor Fellow, he is fasting, and has not yet the happiness this morning to stink of Brandy and Tobacco; go, give him some to hear you, I am busie.

Old. Well, ygad, I love the now, Boy, for thy surliness: thou art no tame Captain, I see, that will suffer——

Man. An old Fox.

Old. All that shan't make me angry: I consider thou art peevish, and fretting at some ill success at Law. Pr'ythee tell me what ill Luck you have met with here.

Man. You.

Old. Do I look like the Picture of ill Luck? Gadsnouns I love thee more and more; and shall I tell thee what made me love thee first?

Man. Do: that I may be rid of that damn'd quality, and thee.

Old. 'Twas thy wearing that broad Sword there.

Man. Here, *Freeman*, let's change: I'll never wear it more.

Old. How! You won't sure. Pr'ythee don't look like one of our Holy-day Captains now a days, with a Bodkin by your side, your Martinet Rogues.

Man. (O, then there's hopes.) [*Aside.*

What, d'ye find fault with Martinet? let me tell you, Sir, 'tis the best exercise in the World; the most ready, most easie, most graceful exercise that ever was us'd, and the most——

Old. Nay, nay, Sir, no more, Sir, your Servant; if you praise Martinet once, I have done with you, Sir Martinet! Martinet!

[*Exit* Oldfox.

Free. Nay, you have made him leave you as willingly, as ever he did an Enemy; for he was truly for the King and Parliament: for the Parliament, in their List; and for the King, in cheating 'em of their Pay, and never hurting the King's party in the Field.

Enter a Lawyer *towards them.*

Man. A Pox! this way, here's a Lawyer I know threatning us with another greeting.

Law. Sir, Sir, your very Servant; I was afraid you had forgotten me.

Man. I was not afraid you had forgotten me.

Law. No, Sir, we Lawyers have pretty good memories.

Man. You ought to have, by your Wits.

Law. O, you are a merry Gentleman, Sir; I remember you were merry, when I was last in your Company.

Man. I was never merry in thy company, Mr. Lawyer, sure.

Law. Why, I'm sure you jok'd upon me, and shamm'd me all night long.

Man. Shamm'd! pr'ythee what barbarous Law-term is that?

Law. Shamming! Why, don't you know that? 'tis all our way of Wit, Sir.

Man. I am glad I do not know it then, Shamming! What does he mean by't, *Freeman?*

Free. Shamming, is telling you an insipid, dull Lye, with a dull Face, which the sly Wag the Author only laughs at himself; and making himself believe 'tis a good Jest, puts the Sham only upon himself.

Man. So, your Lawyers Jest, I find, like his Practice, has more Knavery, than

than Wit in't. I shou'd make the worst Shammer in *England*; I must always deal ingeniously, as well with you, Mr. Lawyer, and advise you to be seen rather with Attornies and Solicitors, than such Fellows as I am; they will credit your Practice more.

Law. No, Sir, your company's an honour to me.

Man. No, faith, go thy ways, there goes an Attorney, leave me for him; let it be never said, a Lawyers Civility did him hurt.

Law. No, worthy honour'd Sir, I'll not leave you for any Attorney, sure.

Man. Unless he had a Fee in his hand.

Law. Have you any business here, Sir? try me, I'd serve you sooner than any Attorney breathing.

Man. Business! So, I have thought of a sure way. [*Aside.* Yes, faith, I have a little business.

Law. Have you so, Sir? in what Court, Sir? what is't, Sir? tell me but how I may serve you, and I'll do't, Sir; and take it for as great an honour——

Man. Faith, 'tis for a poor Orphan of a Sea-Officer of mine, that has no Money; but if it cou'd be follow'd *in Forma Pauperis*, and when the Legacy's recovered——

Law. Forma Pauperis, Sir!

Man. Ay, Sir!

Several crossing the Stage.

Law. Mr. *Bumblecase*, Mr. *Bumblecase*, a word with you; Sir, I beg your pardon at present, I have a little business——

Man. Which is not *in Forma Pauperis*. [*Exit* Lawyer.

Free. So, you have now found a way to be rid of people without quarrelling.

Enter Alderman.

Man. But here's a City-Rogue will stick as hard upon us, as if I ow'd him Money.

Ald. Captain, noble Sir, I am yours heartily, d'ye see; Why shou'd you avoid your old Friends?

Man. And why shou'd you follow me? I owe you nothing.

Ald. Out of my hearty respects to you; for there is not a Man in *England*——

Man. Thou wou'dst save from hanging, with the expence of a shilling only.

Ald. Nay, nay, but Captain, you are like enough to tell me——

Man. Truth, which you won't care to here; therefore you had better go talk with some body else.

Ald. No, I know no body can inform me better, of some young Wit, or Spendthrift, that has a good dipt Seat and Estate in *Middlesex*, *Hartfordshire*, *Essex*, or *Kent*, any of these wou'd serve my turn: now, if you knew of such an one, and wou'd but help——

Man. You to finish his ruine.

Ald. I'faith, you should have a ship——

Man.

Man. Of your Nose; you thirty in the hundred, Rascal; wou'd you make me your Squire Setter, your Bawd for Manners? [*Takes him by the Nose.*

Ald. Oh!

Free. Hold, or here will be your third Law-Suit.

Ald. Gads precious, you hectoring person you, are you wild? I meant you no hurt, Sir; I begin to think (as things go) Land-security best, and have, for a convenient Mortgage, some ten, fifteen or twenty thousand pound by me.

Man. Then go lay it out upon an Hospital, and take a Mortage of Heaven, according to your City-custom; for you think by laying out a little Money, to hook in that too hereafter; do, I say, and keep the poor you've made by taking forfeitures, that Heaven may not take yours.

Ald. No, to keep the Cripples you make this War; this War spoils our Trade.

Man. Dam your Trade, 'tis the better for't.

Ald. What, will you speak against our Trade?

Man. And dare you speak against the War, our Trade?

Ald. Well, he may be a Convoy of Ships I am concern'd in. [*Aside.* Come, Captain, I will have a fair correspondency with you, say what you will.

Man. Then pr'ythee be gone.

Ald. No, faith; pr'ythee, Captain, let's go drink a Dish of Lac'd Coffee, and talk of the times: Come, I'll treat you; nay, you shall go, for I have no business here.

Man. But I have.

Ald. To pick up a Man to give thee a Dinner: Come, I'll do thy business for thee.

Man. Faith, now I think on't, so you may, as well as any Man; for 'tis to pick up a Man, to be bound with me, to one who expects City-security, for——

Ald. Nay, then your Servant, Captain; business must be done.

Man. Ay, if it can; but hark you, Alderman, without you——

Ald. Business, Sir, I say, must be done; and there's an Officer of the Treasury I have an Affair with—— [*Several crossing the Stage.*

[*Exit* Alderman.

Man. You see now what the mighty friendship of the World is; what all Ceremony, Embraces, and plentiful Professions come to: You are no more to believe a professing Friend, than a threatning Enemy; and as no Man hurts you, that tells you he'll do you a mischief; no Man, you see, is your Servant, who says he is so. Why, the Devil, then shou'd a Man be troubled with the flattery of Knaves, if he be not a Fool or Cully; or with the fondness of Fools, if he be not a Knave or Cheat?

Free. Only for his pleasure; for there is some in laughing at Fools, and disappointing Knaves.

Man. That's a pleasure, I think, wou'd cost you too dear, as well as marrying your Widow to disappoint her; but, for my part, I have no pleasure by 'em, but in despising 'em, wherefoe're I meet 'em; and then the pleasure of hoping

hoping so to be rid of 'em. But now my comfort is, I am not worth a shilling in the World, which all the World shall know, and then I'm sure I shall have none of 'em come near me.

Free. A very pretty comfort, which I think you pay too dear for: But is the twenty pound gone since the morning?

Man. To my Boats-Crew: wou'd you have the poor, honest, brave Fellows want?

Free. Rather than you, or I.

Man. Why, art thou without Money? thou who art a Friend to every Body?

Free. I ventur'd my last stake upon the Squire, to nick him of his Mother; and cannot help you to a dinner, unless you will go dine with my Lord——

Man. No, no, the Ordinary is too dear for me, where flattery must pay for my dinner; I am no Herald, or Poet.

Free. We'll go then to the Bishops——

Man. There you must flatter the old Philosophy: I cannot renounce my Reason for a Dinner.

Free. Why, then let's go to your Aldermans.

Man. Hang him, Rogue! that were not to dine, for he makes us drunk with Lees of Sack before dinner, to take away our Stomach: and there you must call Usury and Extortion, God's Blessing, or the Honest turning of the Penny; hear him brag of the Leather Breeches in which he trotted first to Town; and make a greater noise with his Money in his Parlour, than his Cashiers do in his Counting-House, without hopes of borrowing a shilling.

Free. Ay, a Pox on't, 'tis like dining with the great Gamesters; and when they fall to their Common Dessert, see the heaps of Gold drawn on all hands, without going to twelve. Let us go to my Lady *Goodly's*.

Man. There to flatter her looks, you must mistake her Grand-Children for her own; praise her Cook that she may rail at him; and feed her Dogs, not your self.

Free. What d'ye think of eating with your Lawyer then?

Man. Eat with him! Damn him; to hear him employ his barbarous Eloquence in a Reading upon the two and thirty good Bits in a shoulder of Veal; and be forc'd your self to praise the cold Bribe-Pye, that stinks, and drink Law *French* Wine, as rough and harsh as his Law *French*. A Pox on him, I'd rather dine in the Temple-Rounds or Walks, with the Knights without Noses, or the Knights of the Post; who are honester Fellows, and better Company. But let us home, and try our Fortune; for I'll stay no longer here for your old damn'd Widow.

Free. Well, let us, come then; for I must go for my damn'd Widow, and look after my new damn'd Charge; three or four hundred Years ago, a Man might have din'd in this Hall.——

Man. But now, the Lawyer only here is fed:
And, Bully like, by Quarrels gets his Bread.

Finis Actus Tertii. ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Manly's *Lodgings.*

Enter Manly, *and* Fidelia.

Man. Well, there's success in thy face; hast thou prevail'd? say.

Fid. As I cou'd wish, Sir.

Old. So, I told thee what thou wert fit for, and thou wou'dst not believe me. Come, thank me for bringing thee acquainted with thy Genius. Well thou hast mollifi'd her heart for me?

Fid. No, Sir, not so; but what's better.

Man. How? what's better!

Fid. I shall harden your heart against her.

Man. Have a care, Sir, my heart is too much in earnest to be fooled with, and my desire at height, and needs no delays to incite it; what, you are too good a Pimp already, and know how to endear pleasure, by withholding it? but leave off your Pages, Bawdy-house tricks, Sir, and tell me, will she be kind?

Fid. Kinder than you cou'd wish, Sir.

Man. So then: well, pr'ythee, what said she?

Fid. She said——

Man. What? thou'rt so tedious; speak comfort to me: what?

Fid. That, of all things, you are her aversion.

Man. How?

Fid. That she wou'd sooner take a Bedfellow out of an Hospital, and Diseases into her Arms, than you.

Man. What?

Fid. That she wou'd rather trust her Honour with a dissolute, debauch'd Hector; nay worse, with a finical baffled Coward, all over loathsom with affectation of the fine Gentleman.

Man. What's all this you say?

Fid. Nay, that my offers of your Love to her, were more offensive, than when Parents woo their Virgin-Daughters, to the enjoyment of Riches only; and that you were, in all circumstances, as nauseous to her as a Husband on compulsion.

Man. Hold; I understand you not.

Fid. So, 'twill work I see. *Aside.*

Man. Did you not tell me——

Fid. She call'd you ten thousand Ruffians.

Man. Hold, I say.

Fid. Brutes——

Man. Hold.

Fid.

Fid. Sea-Monſters———

Man. Dam your intelligence: hear me a little now.

Fid. Nay, ſurly Coward ſhe call'd you too.

Man. Won't you hold yet? hold, or———

Fid. Nay, Sir, pardon me; I cou'd not but tell you ſhe had the baſeneſs, the injuſtice, to call you Coward, Sir, Coward, Coward, Sir.

Man. Not yet———

Fid. I've done, Coward, Sir.

Man. Did not you ſay ſhe was kinder than I cou'd wiſh her?

Fid. Yes, Sir.

Man. How then? ———O———I underſtand you now. At firſt ſhe appear'd in rage, and diſdain, the trueſt ſign of a coming Woman; but at laſt, you prevail'd it ſeems: did you not?

Fid. Yes, Sir.

Man. So then, let's know that only; come pr'ythee, without delays: I'll kiſs thee for that news beforehand.

Fid. So; the kiſs I'm ſure is welcome to me, whatſoe're the news will be to you. [*Aſide.*

Man. Come, ſpeak, my dear Voluntier.

Fid. How welcome were that kind word too, if it were not for another Womans ſake! [*Aſide.*

Man. What, won't you ſpeak? You prevail'd for me, at laſt, you ſay?

Fid. No, Sir.

Man. No more of your fooling, Sir, it will not agree with my impatience or temper.

Fid. Then not to fool you, Sir, I ſpake to her for you, but prevail'd for my ſelf; ſhe wou'd not hear me when I ſpake in your behalf; but bid me ſay what I wou'd in my own, tho' ſhe gave me no occaſion, ſhe was ſo coming, and ſo was kinder, Sir, than you cou'd wiſh; which I was only afraid to let you know, without ſome warning.

Man. How this? Young man, you are of a lying age; but I muſt hear you out, and if———

Fid. I wou'd not abuſe you, and cannot wrong her by any report of her, ſhe is ſo wicked.

Man. How, wicked! had ſhe the impudence, at the ſecond ſight of you only———

Fid. Impudence, Sir! Oh, ſhe has impudence enough to put a Court out of countenance, and debauch a Stews.

Man. Why, what ſaid ſhe?

Fid. Her tongue, I confeſs was ſilent; but her ſpeaking Eyes gloted ſuch things more immodeſt, and laſcivious, than Raviſhers can act, or Women under a confinement think.

Man. I know there are whoſe Eyes reflect more Obſcenity, than the Glaſſes in Alcoves; but there are others who uſe a little Art with their looks, to make 'em ſeem more beautiful, not more loving: which vain young Fellows, like you, are apt to interpret in their own favour, and to the Lady's wrong.

Fid. Seldom, Sir; pray have you a care of gloting Eyes; for he that loves to gaze upon 'em, will find at last, a thousand Fools and Cuckolds in 'em instead of *Cupids*.

Man. Very well, Sir: but, what, you had only Eye-kindness from *Olivia?*

Fid. I tell you again, Sir, No Woman sticks there; Eye-promises of Love they only keep; nay, they are Contracts which make you sure of 'em. In short, Sir, she seeing me, with shame and amazement dumb, unactive, and resistless, threw her twisting arms about my neck, and smother'd me with a thousand tasteless Kisses: believe me, Sir, they were so to me.

Man. Why did you not avoid 'em then?

Fid. I fenced with her eager arms, as you did with the grapples of the Enemy's Fire-ship; and nothing but cutting 'em off, cou'd have freed me.

Man. Damn'd, damn'd Woman, that cou'd be so false and infamous! And damn'd, damn'd heart of mine, that cannot yet be false, tho' so infamous! What easie, tame, suffering, trampled things does that little God of talking Cowards make of us! but——

Fid. So! It works, I find, as I expected. [*Aside.*

Man. But she was false to me before, she told me so her self, and yet I cou'd not quite believe it; but she was, so that her second falseness is a favour to me, not an injury, in revenging me upon the Man that wrong'd me first of her Love. Her Love! —a Whores, a Witches Love! ——But, what, did she not kiss well, Sir? I'm sure I thought her Lips——but I must not think of 'em more——but yet they are such I cou'd still kiss— grow to——and then tear off with my teeth, grind 'em into mammoks, and spit 'em into her Cuckolds face.

Fid. Poor Man, how uneasie is he! I have hardly the heart to give him so much pain, tho' withal I give him a cure; and to my self new life. [*Aside.*

Man. But, what, her Kisses sure cou'd not but warm you into desire at last, or a compliance with hers at least?

Fid. Nay more, I confess——

Man. What more? speak.

Fid. All you cou'd fear had pass'd between us, if I cou'd have been made to wrong you, Sir, in that nature.

Man. Cou'd have been made! you lye, you did.

Fid. Indeed, Sir, 'twas impossible for me; besides, we were interrupted by a visit; but, I confess, she wou'd not let me stir, till I promis'd to return to her again within this hour, as soon as it shou'd be dark; by which time she wou'd dispose of her visit, and her Servants, and her self, for my reception: which I was fain to promise to get from her.

Man. Ha!

Fid. But if ever I go near her again, may you, Sir, think me as false to you, as she is; hate, and renounce me, as you ought to do her, and I hope will do now.

Man.

Man. Well, but now I think on't, you ſhall keep your word with your Lady. What, a young Fellow, and fail the firſt, nay, ſo tempting an aſſignation!

Fid. How, Sir?

Man. I ſay you ſhall go to her when 'tis dark, and ſhall not diſappoint her.

Fid. I, Sir! I ſhou'd diſappoint her more by going; for——

Man. How ſo?

Fid. Her impudence, and injuſtice to you, will make me diſappoint her Love; loath her.

Man. Come, you have my leave; and if you diſguſt her, I'll go with you, and act Love, whil'ſt you ſhall talk it only.

Fid. You, Sir! nay, then I'll never go near her. You act Love, Sir! You muſt but act it indeed, after all I have ſaid to you. Think of your Honour, Sir, Love——

Man. Well, call it Revenge, and that is honourable: I'll be reveng'd on her, and thou ſhalt be my ſecond.

Fid. Not in a baſe action, Sir, when you are your own Enemy: O, go not near her, Sir, for Heaven's ſake, for your own, think not of it.

Man. How concern'd you are! I thought I ſhou'd catch you. What, you are my Rival at laſt, and are in love with her your ſelf, and have ſpoken ill of her out of your love to her, not me; and therefore wou'd not have me go to her!

Fid. Heav'n witneſs for me, 'tis becauſe I love you only, I wou'd not have you go to her.

Man. Come, come, the more I think on't, the more I'm ſatisfied you do love her: thoſe Kiſſes, young Man, I know were irreſiſtable; 'tis certain.

Fid. There is nothing certain in the World, Sir, but my Truth, and your Courage.

Man. Your Servant, Sir. Beſides falſe, and ungrateful, as ſhe has been to me; and tho' I may believe her hatred to me, great as you report it; yet I cannot think you are ſo ſoon, and at that rate, belov'd by her, tho' you may endeavour it.

Fid. Nay, if that be all, and you doubt it ſtill, Sir, I will conduct you to her; and unſeen, your Ears ſhall judge of her falſeneſs, and my truth to you; if that will ſatisfie you.

Man. Yes, there is ſome ſatisfaction in being quite out of doubt: becauſe 'tis that alone withholds us from the pleaſure of Revenge.

Fid. Revenge! What Revenge can you have, Sir? Diſdain is beſt reveng'd by ſcorn; and faithleſs Love, by the loving another, and making her happy with the others loſings: which, if I muſt adviſe——

Enter Freeman.

Man. Not a word more.

Free. What, are you talking of Love yet, Captain? I thought you had done with't.

Man. Why, what did you hear me ſay?

Free. Something imperfectly of Love, I think.

Man. I was only wondring why Fools, Raſcals, and deſertleſs Wretches, ſhou'd ſtill have the better of Men of Merit with all Women; as much as with their own common Miſtreſs, Fortune!

Free. Becauſe moſt Women, like Fortune are blind, ſeem to do all things in jeſt, and take pleaſure in extravagant actions; their Love deſerves neither thanks, or blame, for they cannot help it: 'tis all ſympathy; therefore the noiſie, the finical, the talkative, the Cowardly, and effeminate, have the better of the brave, the reaſonable, and Man of Honour; for they have no more reaſon in their love, or kindneſs, than Fortune it ſelf.

Man. Yes, they have their Reaſon. Firſt, Honour in a Man they fear too much to love; and Senſe in a Lover, upbraids their want of it; and they hate any thing that diſturbs their admiration of themſelves; but they are of that vain number, who had rather ſhew their falſe generoſity, in giving away profuſely to worthleſs Flatterers, than in paying juſt Debts. And in ſhort, all Women, like Fortune, (as you ſay) and Rewards, are loſt, by too much meriting.

Fid. All Women, Sir! ſure there are ſome, who have no other quarrel to a Lovers merit, but that it begets their deſpair of him.

Man. Thou art young enough to be credulous; but we——

Enter 1 Sailor.

1 *Sailor.* Here are now below, the ſcolding, daggled GentleWoman, and that Major Old——old——Fop, I think you call him.

Free. Oldfox, pr'ythee bid 'em come up, with your leave, Captain, for now I can talk with her upon the ſquare; if I ſhall not diſturb you.

Man. No; for I'll be gone. Come, Volunteer.

Free. Nay, pray ſtay; the Scene betwixt us will not be ſo tedious to you as you think: beſides, you ſhall ſee how I have rigg'd my Squire out, with the remains of my ſhipwrack'd Wardrobe; he is under your *Sea-valet de Chambre*'s hands, and by this time dreſt, and will be worth your ſeeing. Stay, and I'll fetch my Fool.

Man. No; you know I cannot eaſily laugh: beſides, my Volunteer and I have buſineſs abroad. [*Ex.* Manly, Fidelia *on one ſide*, Freeman *on t'other.*

Enter Major Oldfox *and Widow* Blackacre.

Wid. What, no body here! Did not the Fellow ſay he was within?

Old. Yes, Lady; and he may be perhaps a little buſie at preſent; but, if you think the time long till he comes, [*Unfolding Papers*] I'll read you here ſome of the fruits of my leiſure, the overflowings of my Fancy and Pen (to value me right, ſhe muſt know my parts.) [*Aſide*

Come——

Wi

Wid. No, no; I have reading work enough of my own, in my Bag, I thank you.

Old. I, Law, Madam; but here's a Poem, in blank Verſe, which I think a handſom declaration of one's Paſſion.

Wid. O! if you talk of Declarations, I'll ſhew you one of the prettieſt pen'd things, which I mended too my ſelf, you muſt know.

Old. Nay, Lady, if you have uſed your ſelf ſo much to the reading of harſh Law, that you hate ſmooth Poetry; here is a Character for you, of——

Wid. A Character! Nay, then I'll ſhew you my Bill in *Chancery* here, that gives you ſuch a Character of my Adverſary, makes him as black——

Old. Pſhaw; away, away, Lady. But if you think the Character too long, here is an Epigram, not above twenty lines, upon a cruel Lady; who Decreed her Servant ſhou'd hang himſelf, to demonſtrate his Paſſion.

Wid. Decreed! if you talk of Decreeing, I have ſuch a Decree here, drawn by the fineſt Clerk——

Old. O Lady, Lady, all interruption, and no ſenſe between us, as if we were Lawyers at the Bar! But I had forgot, *Apollo* and *Littleton* never lodge in a head together. If you hate Verſes, I'll give you a caſt of my Politicks in Proſe: 'tis a Letter to a Friend in the Country; which is now the way of all ſuch ſober, ſolid Perſons as my ſelf, when they have a mind to publiſh their diſguſt to the Times; tho' perhaps, between you and I, they have no Friend in the Country. And ſure a politick, ſerious perſon may as well have a feign'd Friend in the Country to write to, as well as an idle Poet a feign'd Miſtreſs to write to. And ſo here's my Letter to a Friend, or no Friend, in the Country, concerning the late Conjuncture of Affairs, in relation to *Coffee-houſes:* or, *The Coffee-man's Caſe.*

Wid. Nay, if your Letter have a Caſe in't, 'tis ſomething; but firſt I'll read you a Letter of mine, to a Friend in the Country, call'd a Letter of *Attorney.*

Enter to them Freeman *and* Jerry Blackacre, *in an old gaudy Suit, and red Breeches of* Freeman's.

Old. What, interruption ſtill? O the plague of interruption! worſe to an Author, than the plague of Criticks!

Wid. What's this I ſee, *Jerry Blackacre*, my Minor, in red Breeches! What, haſt thou left the modeſt ſeemly Garb of Gown and Cap, for this? And have I loſt all my good *Inns of Chancery* breeding upon thee then? And thou wilt go a breeding thy ſelf from our Inn of *Chancery* and *Weſtminſter-Hall*, at Coffee-houſes, and Ordinaries, Play-houſes, Tennis-courts, and Bawdy-houſes?

Jer. Ay, ay, what then? perhaps I will; but what's that to you? here's my Guardian and Tutor now, forſooth, that I am out of your Huckſters hands.

Wid.

Wid. How? thou haſt not choſen him for thy Guardian yet?

Jer. No, but he has choſen me for his Charge, and that's all one; and I'll do any thing he'll have me, and go all the World over with him; to Ordinaries, and Bawdy-houſes, or any where elſe.

Wid. To Ordinaries and Bawdy-houſes! have a care, Minor, thou wilt infeeble there thy Eſtate and Body: do not go to Ordinaries and Bawdy-houſes, good *Jerry*.

Jer. Why, how come you to know any ill by Bawdy-houſes? You never had any hurt by 'em, had you, forſooth? Pray hold your ſelf contented; if I do go where Money and Wenches are to be had, you may thank your ſelf; for you us'd me ſo unnaturally, you wou'd never let me have a Penny to go abroad with: nor ſo much as come near the Garret where your Maidens lay; nay, you wou'd not ſo much as let me play at Hot-cockles with 'em, nor have any Recreation with 'em, tho' one ſhou'd have kiſs'd you behind, you were ſo unnatural a Mother, ſo you were.

Free. Ay, a very unnatural Mother, ſaith, Squire.

Wid. But, *Jerry*, conſider thou art yet but a Minor; however, if thou wilt go home with me again, and be a good Child, thou ſhalt ſee——

Free. Madam, I muſt have a better care of my Heir under Age, than ſo; I wou'd ſooner truſt him alone with a ſtale Waiting-woman and a Parſon, than with his Widow-Mother and her Lover or Lawyer.

Wid. Why, thou Villain, part Mother and Minor! Rob me of my Child and my Writings! but thou ſhalt find there's Law; and as in the Caſe of Raviſhment, of Guard——*Weſtminſter* the Second.

Old. Young Gentleman, Squire, pray be rul'd by your Mother, and your Friends.

Jer. Yes, I'll be rul'd by my Friends, therefore not my Mother, ſo I won't: I'll chuſe him for my Guardian till I am of Age; nay, may be for as long as I live.

Wid. Wilt thou ſo, thou Wretch? And when thou'rt of Age, thou wilt Sign, Seal, and Deliver too, wilt thou?

Jer. Yes marry will I, if you go there too.

Wid. O do not ſqueeze wax, Son; rather go to Ordinaries, and Bawdy-houſes, than ſqueeze wax: if thou doſt that, farewel the goodly Mannor of *Blackacre*, with all its Woods, Underwoods, and appurtenances whatever. Oh, oh! [*Weeps.*

Free. Come, Madam, in ſhort, you ſee I am reſolv'd to have a ſhare in the Eſtate, yours or your Son's; if I cannot get you, I'll keep him who is leſs coy you find; but, if you wou'd have your Son again, you muſt take me too. Peace, or War? Love, or Law? You ſee my Hoſtage is in my hand: I'm in poſſeſſion.

Wid. Nay, if one of us muſt be ruin'd, e'en let it be him. By my Body, a good one! Did you ever know yet a Widow marry or not marry for the ſake of her Child? I'd have you to know, Sir, I ſhall be hard enough for you both yet, without marrying you; if *Jerry* won't be rul'd by me, what ſay you, Booby, will you be rul'd? ſpeak.

Jer. Let one alone, can't you?

Wid.

Wid. Wilt thou chuſe him for Guardian, whom I refuſe for Husband.

Jer. Ay, to chuſe, I thank you.

Wid. And are all my hopes fruſtrated? ſhall I never hear thee put Caſes again to *John* the Butler, or our Vicar? Never ſee thee amble the Circuit with the Judges; and hear thee, in our Town-Hall, louder than the Cryer?

Jer. No; for I have taken my leave of Lawyering, and pettifogging.

Wid. Pettifogging! thou prophane Villain, haſt thou ſo? Pettifogging! ——then you ſhall take your leave of me, and your Eſtate too; thou ſhalt be an Alien to me and it for ever. Pettifogging!

Jer. O, but if you be there too Mother, we have the Deed and Settlements, I thank you: Wou'd you cheat me of my Eſtate, ifac?

Wid. No, no, I will not cheat your little Brother *Bob*, for thou wert not born in Wedlock.

Free. How's that?

Jer. How? What Querk has ſhe got in her head now?

Wid. I ſay, thou can'ſt not, ſhalt not inherit the *Blackacre's* Eſtate.

Free. Why? why, forſooth? What d'ye mean, if you go there too?

Wid. Thou art but my baſe Child; and according to the Law, can'ſt not inherit it: nay, thou art not ſo much as Baſtardeigne.

Jer. What, what? Am I then the Son of a Whore, Mother?

Wid. The Law ſays———

Free. Madam, we know what the Law ſays; but have a care what you ſay: do not let your paſſion, to ruine your Son, ruine your Reputation

Wid. Hang Reputation, Sir, am not I a Widow? have no Husband, nor intend to have any? Nor wou'd you, I ſuppoſe, now have me for a Wife. So, I think now I'm reveng'd on my Son and you, without marrying, as I told you.

Free. But, conſider, Madam.

Jer. What, have you no ſhame left in you, Mother?

Wid. Wonder not at it, Major, 'tis often the poor preſt Widows Caſe, to give up her honour to ſave her Jointure; and ſeems to be a light Woman, rather than marry: as ſome young men, they ſay, pretend to have the filthy Diſeaſe, and loſe their credit with moſt Women, to avoid the importunities of ſome. [*Aſide to* Oldfox.

Free. But one word with you, Madam.

Wid. No, no, Sir. Come, Major, let us make haſte now to the Prerogative Court.

Old. But, Lady, if what you ſay be true, will you ſtigmatize your Reputation on Record? And, if it be not true, how will you prove it?

Wid. Pſhaw! I can prove any thing; and for my Reputation, know, Major, a wiſe Woman will no more value her Reputation, in diſinheriting a rebellious Son of a good Eſtate; than ſhe wou'd in getting him, to inherit an Eſtate. [*Ex.* Wid. *and* Oldfox.

Free. Madam———we muſt not let her go ſo, Squire.

Jer. Nay, the Devil can't ſtop her tho' if ſhe has a mind to't. But come Bully-Guardian, we'll go adviſe with three Attornies, two Proctors, two Solicitors,

Solicitors, and a ſhrewd man of *White-Friers*, neither Attorney, Proctor, or Solicitor, but as pure a Pimp to the Law as any of 'em; and ſure all they will be hard enough for her, and I fear, Bully-Guardian, you are too good a Joker to have any Law in your head.

Free. Thou'rt in the right on't Squire; I underſtand no Law: eſpecially that againſt Baſtards, ſince I'm ſure the Cuſtom is againſt that Law; and more People gets Eſtates by being ſo than loſe 'em. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to Olivia's *Lodging.*

Enter Lord Plauſible, *and Boy with a Candle.*

L. Plauſ. Little Gentleman, your moſt obedient, faithful, humble Servant: where, I beſeech you, is that divine Perſon, your Noble Lady?

Boy. Gone out, my Lord; but commanded me to give you this Letter. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Enter to him Novel.

L. Plauſ. Which he muſt not obſerve. [*Aſide.*] [*Puts it up.*

Nov. Hey, Boy, where is thy Lady?

Boy. Gone out, Sir; but I muſt beg a word with you. [*Gives him a Letter, and Exit.*

Nov. For me? So. [*Puts up the Letter.*

Servant, Servant, my Lord; you ſee the Lady knew of your coming, for ſhe is gone out.

L. Plauſ. Sir, I humbly beſeech you not to cenſure the Lady's good breeding: ſhe has reaſon to uſe more liberty with me, than with any other man.

Nov. How, Vicount, how?

L. Plauſ. Nay, I humbly beſeech you, be not in choler; where there is moſt love, there may be moſt freedom.

Nov. Nay, then 'tis time to come to an eclerciſment with you, and to tell you, you muſt think no more of this Lady's love.

L. Plauſ. Why, under correction, dear Sir?

Nov. There are Reaſons, Reaſons, Vicount.

L. Plauſ. What, I beſeech you, noble Sir?

Nov. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, be not impertinent, my Lord; ſome of you Lords, are ſuch conceited, well-aſſured, impertinent Rogues.

L. Plauſ. And you noble Wits, are ſo full of ſhamming and drolling, one knows not where to have you ſeriouſly.

Nov. Well, you ſhall find me in Bed with this Lady, one of theſe days.

L. Plauſ. Nay, I beſeech you, ſpare the Lady's honour; for her's and mine will be all one ſhortly.

Nov. Pr'ythee, my Lord, be not an Aſs: doſt thou think to get her from me? I have had ſuch good encouragements———

L. Plauſ. I have not been thought unworthy of 'em.

Nov.

Nov. What, not like mine! Come to an eclercisment, as I said.

L. Plausi. Why, seriously then she has told me, Vicountess sounded prettily.

Nov. And me, that *Novel* was a name she wou'd sooner change her's for, than for any Title in *England.*

L. Plausi. She has commended the softness, and respectfulness of my behaviour.

Nov. She has prais'd the briskness of my Raillery of all things, Man.

L. Plausi. The sleepiness of my Eyes she lik'd.

Nov. Sleepiness! dulness, dulness. But the fierceness of mine she ador'd.

L. Plausi. The brightness of my hair she lik'd.

Nov. The brightness! no, the greasiness, I warrant.
But the blackness, and lustre of mine, she admires.

L. Plausi. The gentleness of my smile.

Nov. The subtilty of my leer.

L. Plausi. The clearness of my complection.

Nov. The redness of my lips.

L. Plausi. The whiteness of my teeth.

Nov. My janty way of picking them.

L. Plausi. The sweetness of my breath.

Nov. Ha, ha!——nay then she abus'd you, 'tis plain; for you know what *Manly* said: the sweetness of your Pulvillio she might mean; but for your breath! ha, ha, ha. Your breath is such, Man, that nothing but Tobacco can perfume: and your Complection nothing cou'd mend, but the Small Pox.

L. Plausi. Well, Sir, you may please to be merry; but, to put you out of all doubt, Sir, she has received some Jewls from me, of value.

Nov. And presents from me; besides what I presented her jantily, by way of Ombre, of three or four hundred pound value, which I'm sure are the earnest Pence for our Love-bargain.

L. Plausi. Nay, then, Sir, with your favour, and to make an end of all your hopes, look you there, Sir, she has writ to me———

Deliver to each other their Letters.

Nov. How! how! well, well, and so she has to me; look you there——

L. Plausi. What's here!

Nov. How's this?

Reads out.

My dear Lord,

YOu'll excuse me, for breaking my word with you, since 'twas to oblige, not offend you; for I am only gone abroad but to disappoint Novel, *and meet you in the Drawing-room; where I expect you, with as much impatience, as when I us'd to suffer* Novel's *Visits, the most impertinent Fop, that ever affected the name of a Wit, therefore not capable, I hope, to give you jealousie; for, for your sake alone, you saw I renounc'd an old Lover, and will do all the World. Burn the Letter, but lay up the kindness of it in your heart, with your*

OLIVIA.

Very fine! but pray let's see mine.

L. Plauſ. I understand it not; but sure she cannot think so of me.

Reads the other Letter.

Nov. HUmh! he! ——meet——for your sake——umh——quitted
an old Lover——World——Burn——in your heart with your

OLIVIA.

Just the same, the names only alter'd.

L. Plauſ. Surely there must be some mistake; or some body has abus'd her, and us.

Nov. Yes, you are abus'd, no doubt on't, my Lord, but I'll to *White-Hall*, and see.

L. Plauſ. And I, where I shall find you are abus'd.

Nov. Where, if it be so, for our comfort, we cannot fail of meeting with Fellow-sufferers enough; for as *Freeman* said of another, she stands in the Drawing-room, like the Glass, ready for all Comers, to set their Gallantry by her: and like the Glass too, let's no man go from her, unsatisfi'd with himself. [*Ex. Ambo.*

Enter Olivia *and Boy.*

Oliv. Both here, and just gone?

Boy. Yes Madam.

Oliv. But are you sure neither saw you deliver the other a Letter?

Boy. Yes, yes, Madam, I am very sure.

Oliv. Go then to the *Old Exchange*, to *Westminster*, *Holbourn*, and all the other places I told you of; I shall not need you these two hours: Be gone, and take the Candle with you, and be sure you leave word again below, I am gone out, to all that ask.

Boy. Yes, Madam.

Oliv. And my new Lover will not ask I'm sure; he has his Lesson, and cannot miss me here, tho' in the dark: which I have purposely design'd, as a remedy against my blushing Gallants modesty; for young Lovers, like Game-Cocks, are made bolder, by being kept without light,

Enter her Husband Vernish, *as from a Journey.*

Ver. Where is she? Darkness every where! *Softly.*

Oliv. What, come before your time? my Soul! my Life! your haste has augmented your kindness; and let me thank you for it thus, and thus—— [*Embracing and kissing him.*] And tho' (my Soul) the little time since you left me, has seem'd an Age to my impatience, sure it is yet but seven——

Ver. How! who's that you expected after seven?

Oliv. Ha! my Husband return'd, and have I been throwing away so many

many kind Kisses on my Husband, and wrong'd my Lover already? [*Aside.*

Ver. Speak, I say, who was't you expected after seven?

Oliv. What shall I say?——oh—— [*Aside.*

Why 'tis but seven days, is it, dearest, since you went out of Town? and I expected you not so soon.

Ver. No, sure, 'tis but five days since I left you.

Oliv. Pardon my impatience, dearest, I thought 'em seven at least.

Ver. Nay then——

Oliv. But, my life, you shall never stay half so long from me again; you shan't indeed, by this kiss, you shan't.

Ver. No, no; but why alone in the dark?

Oliv. Blame not my melancholy in your absence——

But, my soul, since you went, I have strange News to tell you: *Manly* is return'd.

Ver. Manly return'd! Fortune forbid.

Oliv. Met with the *Dutch* in the Chanel, fought, sunk his Ship, and all he carry'd with him: he was here with me yesterday.

Ver. And did you own our Marriage to him?

Oliv I told him I was marry'd, to put an end to his love, and my trouble; but to whom, is yet a secret kept from him, and all the World: And I have us'd him so scurvily, his great spirit will ne're return, to reason it farther with me; I have sent him to Sea again, I warrant.

Ver. 'Twas bravely done. And sure he will now hate the shore more than ever, after so great a disappointment. Be you sure only to keep a while our great secret, till he be gone: in the mean time I'll lead the calfe, honest Fool by the Nose, as I us'd to do; and, whil'st he stays, rail with him at thee; and, when he's gone, laugh with thee at him. But have you his Cabinet of Jewels safe? Part not with a Seed-Pearl to him, to keep him from starving.

Oliv. Nor from hanging.

Ver. He cannot recover 'em; and, I think, will scorn to beg 'em again.

Oliv. But, my life, have you taken the thousand Guineys he left in my name, out of the Goldsmiths hands?

Ver. Ay, ay, they are remov'd to another Goldsmiths.

Oliv. Ay but, my Soul, you had best have a care he find not where the Money is: for his present wants (as I'm inform'd) are such, as will make him inquisitive enough.

Ver. You say true, and he knows the man too: but I'll remove it to morrow.

Oliv. To morrow? O do not stay till to morrow: go to night, immediately.

Ver. Now I think on't, you advise well, and I will go presently.

Oliv. Presently! instantly: I will not let you stay a jot.

Ver. I will then, tho' I return not home till twelve.

Oliv. Nay tho' not till morning, will all my heart: go, dearest, I am impatient till you are gone—— [*Thrusts him out.*

So, I have at once now brought about those two grateful businesses, which

all prudent Women do together, ſecured Money and pleaſure; and now all interruptions of the laſt are remov'd. Go, Husband, and come up, Friend; juſt the Buckets in the Well; the abſcence of one brings the other; but I hope, like them too, they will not meet in the way, juſtle, and claſh together.

Enter Fidelia, *and* Manly *treading ſoftly, and ſtaying behind at ſome diſtance.*

So, you are come? (but not the Husband-bucket, I hope, again.) Who's there? my deareſt? [*Softly.*

Fid. My Life———

Oliv. Right, right: where are thy lips? here, take the dumb, and beſt Welcomes, Kiſſes and Embraces; 'tis not a time for idle words. In a Duel of Love, as in others, Parlying ſhews baſely. Come, we are alone? and now the Word is only ſatisfaction, and defend not thy ſelf.

Man. How's this? Wuh, ſhe makes Love like a Devil in a Play; and in this darkneſs, which conceals her Angel's face; if I were apt to be afraid, I ſhou'd think her a Devil. [*Aſide.*

Oliv. What, you traverſe ground, young Gentleman. [Fidelia *avoiding her.*

Fid. I take breath only.

Man. Good Heav'ns! how was I deceiv'd! [*Aſide.*

Oliv. Nay, you are a Coward; what are you afraid of the fierceneſs of my Love.

Fid. Yes, Madam, leſt its violence might preſage its change; and I muſt needs be afraid you wou'd leave me quickly, who cou'd deſert ſo brave a Gentleman as *Manly.*

Oliv. O! name not his Name; for in a time of ſtoln joys, as this is, the filthy Name of Husband were not a more allaying ſound.

Man. There's ſome comfort yet. [*Aſide.*

Fid. But did you not love him?

Oliv. Never. How cou'd you think it?

Fid. Becauſe he thought it, who is a Man of that ſenſe, nice diſcerning, and diffidency, and I ſhould think it hard to deceive him.

Oliv. No; he that diſtruſts moſt the World, truſts moſt to himſelf, and is but the more eaſily deceiv'd, becauſe he thinks he can't be deceiv'd: his cunning is like the Coward's Sword, by which he is oftner worſted, and defended.

Fid. Yet, ſure, you us'd no common Art, to deceive him.

Oliv. I knew he loved his own ſingular moroſeneſs ſo well, as to dote upon any Copy of it; wherefore I feign'd an hatred to the World too, that he might love me in earneſt: but, if it had been hard to deceive him, I'm ſure t'were much harder to love him. A dogged, ill-manner'd———

Fid. D'ye hear me, Sir? pray hear her. [*Aſide to* Manly.

Oliv.

Oliv. Surly, untractable, ſnarling Brute! he! a Maſty-dog were as fit thing to make a Gallant of.

Man. Ay, a Goat, or Monkey were fitter for thee. [*Aſide.*

Fid. I muſt confeſs, for my part, (tho' my Rival) I cannot but ſay he has a manly handſomneſs in's face and meen.

Oliv. So has a Saracen in the ſign.

Fid. Is proper and well made.

Oliv. As a Dray-man.

Fid. Has Wit.

Oliv. He rails at all Mankind.

Fid. And undoubted Courage,

Oliv. Like the Hangman's, can murder a man when his hands are ty'd: He has Cruelty indeed; which is no more Courage, than his railing is Wit.

Man. Thus Women, and Men like Women, are too hard for us, when they think we do not hear 'em; and Reputation, like other Miſtreſſes, is never true to a Man in his abſence. [*Aſide.*

Fid. He is——

Oliv. Pr'ythee no more of him; I thought I had ſatisfied you enough before, that he cou'd never be a Rival for you to apprehend; and you need not be more aſſur'd of my averſion to him, but by the laſt teſtimony of my love to you: which I am ready to give you. Come, my Soul, this way—— [*Pulls* Fidelia.

Fid. But, Madam, what cou'd make you diſſemble love to him, when 'twas ſo hard a thing for you, and flatter his love to you?

Oliv. That which makes all the World flatter and diſſemble, 'twas his Money: I had a real paſſion for that. Yet I lov'd not that ſo well, as for it to take him; for, as ſoon as I had Money, I haſtned his departure: like a Wife, who, when ſhe has made the moſt of a dying Husband's breath, pulls away the Pillow.

Man. Damn'd Money! it's Maſter's potent Rival ſtill; and, like a ſaucy Pimp, corrupts it ſelf the Miſtreſs it procures for us.

Oliv. But I did not think with you, my life, to paſs my time in talking. Come hither, come; yet ſtay, till I have lock'd a door in the other Room, that may chance to let us in ſome interruption; which reciting Poets, or loſing Gamſters fear not more than I at this time do.

[*Exit* Olivia.

Fid. Well, I hope, you are now ſatisfied, Sir, and will be gone to think of your Revenge?

Man. No, I am not ſatisfied, and muſt ſtay to be reveng'd.

Fid. How, Sir? You'll uſe no violence to her, I hope, and forfeit your own Life to take away her's? That were no Revenge.

Man. No, no, you need not fear: my revenge ſhall only be upon her Honour, not her Life.

Fid. How, Sir? her Honour? O Heavens! Conſider, Sir, ſhe has no Honour. D'ye call that Revenge? Can you think of ſuch a thing? But reflect, Sir, how ſhe hates and loaths you.

Man.

Man. Yes, ſo much ſhe hates me, that it wou'd be a revenge ſufficient to make her acceſſary to my pleaſure, and then let her know it.

Fid. No, Sir, no; to be reveng'd on her now, were to diſappoint her. Pray, Sir, let us be gone. [*Pulls* Manly.

Man. Hold off. What, you are my Rival then; and therefore you ſhall ſtay, and keep the door for me, whil'ſt I go in for you: but, when I'm gone, if you dare to ſtir off from this very Board, or breath the leaſt murmuring Accent, I'le cut her Throat firſt, and if you love her, you will not venture her life; nay, then I'le cut your Throat too; and I know you love your own life at leaſt.

Fid. But, Sir, good Sir.

Man. Not a word more, leſt I begin my Revenge on her by killing you.

Fid. But are you ſure 'tis Revenge, that makes you do this? how can it be?

Man. Whiſt.

Fid. 'Tis a ſtrange Revenge indeed.

Man. If you make me ſtay, I ſhall keep my word, and begin with you. No more.

[*Exit* Manly, *at the ſame door* Olivia *went.*

Manet Fidelia.

Fid. O Heavens! is there not puniſhment enough
In loving well, if you will have't a Crime;
But you muſt add freſh Torments daily to't,
And puniſh us like peeviſh Rivals ſtill,
Becauſe we fain would find a Heaven here?
But did there never any love like me,
That untry'd Tortures you muſt find me out?
Others, at worſt, you force to kill themſelves;
But I muſt be Self-murd'reſs of my love,
Yet will not grant me pow'r to end my Life,
My cruel Life; for when a Lover's hopes
Are dead, and gone, Life unmerciful.

[*Sits down, and weeps.*

Enter Manly *to her.*

Man. I have thought better on't; I muſt not diſcover my ſelf now, I am without Witneſſes: for if I barely would publiſh it, ſhe won'd deny it with as much impudence, as ſhe wou'd act it again with this young Fellow here. Where are you?

Fid. Here——oh——now I ſuppoſe we may be gone.

Man. I will, but not you; you muſt ſtay, and act the ſecond part of a Lover: that is, talk kindneſs to her.

Fid. Not I, Sir.

Man.

Man. No disputing, Sir, you must: 'tis necessary to my design, of coming again to morrow night.

Fid. What, can you come again then hither?

Man. Yes, and you must make the appointment, and an Apology for your leaving her so soon; for I have said not a word to her, but have kept your counsel, as I expect you shou'd do mine: do this faithfully, and I promise you here you shall run my Fortune still, and we will never part as long as we live; but, if you do not do it, expect not to live.

Fid. 'Tis hard, Sir; but such a consideration will make it easier: you won't forget your promise, Sir?

Man. No, by Heavens. But I hear her coming. [*Exit.*

Enter Olivia *to* Fidelia.

Oliv. Where is my Life? run from me already! you do not love me, dearest; nay, you are angry with me; for you wou'd not so much as speak a kind word to me within: What was the reason?

Fid. I was transported too much.

Oliv. That's kind; but come, my Soul, what make you here? let us go in again, we may be surpriz'd in this Room, 'tis so near the stairs.

Fid. No, we shall hear the better here, if any body shou'd come up.

Oliv. Nay, I assure you, we shall be secure enough within: Come, come——

Fid. I am sick, and troubled with a suddain dizinesS; cannot stir yet.

Oliv. Come, I have Spirits within.

Fid. Oh! ——don't you hear a noise, Madam?

Oliv. No, no, there is none: Come, come. [*Pulls her.*

Fid. Indeed there is; and I love you so much, I must have a care of your Honour, if you won't, and go; but to come to you to morrow night, if you please.

Oliv. With all my Soul; but you must not go yet: Come, pr'ythee.

Fid. Oh! ——I am now sicker, and am afraid of one of my Fits.

Oliv. What Fits?

Fid. Of the falling sickness: and I lie generally an hour in a trance; therefore pray consider your honour, for the sake of my love, and let me go, that I may return to you often.

Oliv. But will you be sure then to come to morrow night?

Fid. Yes.

Oliv. Swear.

Fid. By our past kindness.

Oliv. Well, go your ways then, if you will, you naughty Creature you. [*Exit* Fidel.

These young Lovers, with their fears and modesty, make themselves as bad as old ones to us; and I apprehend their bashfulness, more than their tatling.

Fidelia *returns.*

Fid. O, Madam, we're undone! there was a Gentleman upon the stairs, coming

coming up with a Candle; which made me retire. Look you, here he comes!

Enter Verniſh, *and his Man with a Light.*

Oliv. How! my Husband! Oh, undone indeed! This way. [*Ex.*

Ver. Ha! You ſhall not eſcape me ſo, Sir. [*Stops* Fidelia.

Fid. O Heavens! more fears, plagues, and torments yet in ſtore! [*Aſide.*

Ver. Come, Sir, I gueſs what your buſineſs was here; but this muſt be your buſineſs now. Draw. [*Draws.*

Fid. Sir——

Ver. No Expoſtulations: I ſhall not care to hear of't. Draw.

Fid. Good Sir.

Ver. How, you Raſcal! not courage to draw, yet durſt do me the greateſt injury in the World? Thy Cowardice ſhall not ſave thy life. [*Offers to run at* Fidelia.

Fid. O hold, Sir, and ſend but your Servant down, and I'll ſatisfie you, Sir, I cou'd not injure you as you imagine.

Ver. Leave the light, and be gone. [*Ex. Serv.* Now, quickly, Sir, what you've to ſay, or——

Fid. I am a Woman, Sir, a very unfortunate Woman.

Ver. How! A very handſome Woman I'm ſure then: here are Witneſſes of't too, I confeſs—— [*Pulls off her Peruke, and feels her Breaſts.* Well, I'm glad to find the Tables turn'd, my Wife in more danger of Cuckolding, than I was. [*Aſide.*

Fid. Now, Sir, I hope you are ſo much a Man of Honour, as to let me go, now I have ſatisfi'd you, Sir.

Ver. When you have ſatisfi'd me, Madam, I will.

Fid. I hope, Sir, you are too much a Gentleman, to urge theſe ſecrets from a Woman, which concern her Honour: You may gueſs my misfortune to be Love, by my diſguiſe; but a pair of Breeches cou'd not wrong you, Sir.

Ver. I may believe Love has chang'd your outſide, which cou'd not wrong me; but why did my Wife run away?

Fid. I know not, Sir; perhaps becauſe ſhe wou'd not be forc'd to diſcover me to you, or to guide me from your ſuſpicions, that you might not diſcover me your ſelf; which ungentleman-like curioſity I hope you will ceaſe to have, and let me go.

Ver. Well, Madam, if I muſt not know who you are, 'twill ſuffice for me only to know certainly what you are: which you muſt not deny me. Come, there is a Bed within, the proper Racks for Lovers; and if you are a Woman, there you can keep no ſecrets, you'll tell me there are all unask'd. Come. [*Pulls her.*

Fid. Oh! what d'ye mean? Help, oh——

Ver. I'll ſhow you; but 'tis in vain to cry out: no one dares help you, for I am Lord here,

Fid.

Fid. Tyrant here; but if you are Master of this House, which I have taken for a Sanctuary, do not violate it your self.

Ver. No, I'll preserve you here, and nothing shall hurt you, and will be as true to you, as your disguise; but you must trust me then. Come, come.

Fid. Oh! oh! rather than you shou'd drag me to a death so horrid, and so shameful, I'll die here a thousand deaths; but you do not look like a Ravisher, Sir.

Ver. Nor you like one wou'd put me to't, but if you will——

Fid. Oh! oh! help, help——

Enter Servant.

Ver. You saucy Rascal, how durst you come in, when you heard a Woman squeak? that shou'd have been your Cue to shut the door.

Serv. I come, Sir, to let you know, the Alderman coming home immediately after you were at his House, has sent his Cashier with the Money, according to your Note.

Ver. Dam his Money! Money never came to any sure unseasonably, till now. Bid him stay.

Serv. He says, he cannot a moment.

Ver. Receive it you then.

Serv. He says, he must have your Receipt for it: he is in haste, for I hear him coming up, Sir.

Ver. Dam him. Help me in here then with this dishonourer of my Family.

Fid. Oh! oh!

Serv. You say she is a Woman, Sir.

Ver. No mattter, Sir must you prate?

Fid. Oh Heav'ns! is there——

[*They thrust her in, and lock the door.*

Ver. Stay there, my Prisoner; you have a short reprieve.

I'll fetch the Gold, and that she can't resist;
For with a full hand 'tis we ravish best.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quartus.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Eliza's *Lodging.*

Enter Olivia, *and* Eliza.

Oliv. AH, Cousin, nothing troubles me, but that I have given the malicious World its Revenge, and Reason now to talk as freely of me, as I us'd to do of it.

Eliz. Faith, then let not that trouble you; for, to be plain, Cousin, the World cannnot talk worse of you, than it did before.

Oliv. How, Cousin? I'd have you to know, before this *faux pas*, this trip of mine, the World cou'd not talk of me.

Eliz. Only that you mind other Peoples Actions so much, that you take no care of your own, but to hide 'em; that, like a Thief, because you know your self most guilty, you impeach your Fellow-Criminals first, to clear your self.

Oliv. O wicked World!

Eliz. That you pretend an aversion to all Mankind in publick, only that their Wives and Mistresses may not be jealous, and hinder you of their conversation in private.

Oliv. Base World!

Eliz. That abroad, you fasten quarrels upon innocent Men, for talking of you, only to bring 'em to ask you pardon at home, and to become dear Friends with them, who were hardly your acquaintance before.

Oliv. Abominable World!

Eliz. That you condemn the obscenity of modern Plays, only that you may be censur'd for never missing the most obscene of the old ones.

Oliv. Damn'd World!

Eliz. That you deface the nudities of Pictures, and little Statues, only because they are not real.

Oliv. O, fie, fie, fie; hideous, hideous, Cousin! the obscenity of their Censures makes me blush.

Eliz. The truth of 'em, the naughty World wou'd say now.

Enter Lettice *hastily.*

Lett. O! Madam, here is that Gentleman coming up, who now you say is my Master.

Oliv. O! Cousin, whither shall I run? protect me, or——

[Olivia *runs away, and stands at a distance.*

Enter Vernish.

Ver. Nay, nay, come——

Oliv.

Oliv. O, Sir, forgive me.

Ver. Yes, yes, I can forgive you being alone in the dark with a Woman in Mans cloaths; but have a care of a Man in Womens cloaths.

Oliv. What does he mean? he dissembles, only to get me into his power: Or has my dear Friend made him believe he was a Woman? My Husband may be deceiv'd by him, but I'm sure I was not. [*Aside.*

Ver. Come, come, you need not have lay'n out of your House for this; but perhaps you were afraid, when I was warm with suspicions, you must have discover'd who she was: And pr'ythee, may I not know it?

Oliv. She was——(I hope he has been deceiv'd: and, since my Lover has play'd the Card, I must not renounce.) [*Aside.*

Ver. Come, what's the matter with thee? If I must not know who she is, I'm satisfi'd without. Come hither.

Oliv. Sure you do know her; she has told you her self, I suppose.

Ver. No, I might have known her better, but that I was interrupted by the Goldsmith you know, and was forc'd to lock her into your Chamber, to keep her from his sight; but, when I return'd, I found she was got away, by tying the window-curtains to the Balcony, by which she slid down into the street: for, you must know, I jested with her, and made her believe I'd ravish her; which she apprehended, it seems, in earnest.

Oliv. Then she got from you?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. And is quite gone?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. I'm glad on't——otherwise you had ravish'd her, Sir? but how dar'st thou go so far, as to make her believe you wou'd ravish her? let me understand that, Sir. What! there's guilt in your face, you blush too: nay, then you did ravish her, you did, you base Fellow. What, ravish a Woman in the first month of her Marriage! 'Tis a double injury to me, thou base ungrateful Man; wrong my Bed already, Villain! I con'd tear out those false Eyes, barbarous, unworthy Wretch.

Eliz. So, so!——

Ver. Pr'ythee hear, my Dear.

Oliv. I will never hear you, my plague, my torment.

Ver. I swear— pr'ythee hear me.

Oliv. I have heard already too many of your false Oaths and Vows, especially your last in the Church. O wicked Man! And wretched Woman that I was! I wish I had then sunk down into a Grave, rather than to have given you my hand, to be led to your lothsom Bed. Oh—oh——

[*Seems to Weep.*

Ver. So, very fine! just a Marriage-quarrel! which tho' it generally begins by the Wife's fault, yet, in the conclusion, it becomes the Husband's; and whosoever offends at first, he only is sure to ask pardon at last. My Dear——

Oliv. My Devil——

Ver. Come, pr'ythee be appeas'd, and go home; I have bespoken our Supper betimes; for I con'd not eat, till I found you. Go, I'll give you

all kind of satisfactions; and one, which uses to be a reconciling one, Two hundred of those Guineys I receiv'd last Night, to do what you will with.

Oliv. What, wou'd you pay me for being your Bawd?

Ver. Nay, pr'ythee no more; go and I'll throughly satisfie you when I come home; and then, too, we will have a fit of laughter at *Manly*, whom I am going to find at the *Cock*, in *Bowstreet*, where I hear he din'd. Go, dearest, go home.

Eliz. A very pretty turn, indeed, this! [*Aside.*

Ver. Now, Cousin, since by my Wife I have that honour, and privilege of calling you so, I have something to beg of you too; which is, not to take notice of our Marriage to any whatever, yet a while, for some reasons very important to me: and next, that you will do my Wife the honour to go home with her, and me the favour, to use that power you have with her, in our reconcilement.

Eliz. That I dare promise, Sir, will be no hard matter. Your Servant. [*Exit* Vernish.

Well, Cousin, this I confess was reasonable hypocrisie; you were the better for't.

Oliv. What hypocrisie?

Eliz. Why, this last deceit of your Husband was lawful, since in your own defence.

Oliv. What deceit; I'd have you to know, I never deceiv'd my Husband.

Eliz. You do not understand me, sure; I say, this was an honest come-off, and a good one: but 'twas a sign your Gallant had had enough of your conversation, since he cou'd so dextrously cheat your Husband in passing for a Woman?

Oliv. What d'ye mean, once more, with my Gallant, and passing for a Woman?

Eliz. What do you mean? you see your Husband took him for a Woman.

Oliv. Whom?

Eliz. Hey-day! why, the Man he found you with, for whom last Night you were so much afraid; and who you told me——

Oliv. Lord, you rave sure!

Eliz. Why, did not you tell me last night——

Oliv. I know not what I might tell you last night, in a fright.

Eliz. Ay, what was that fright for? for a Woman? besides, were you not afraid to see your Husband just now? I warrant, only for having been found with a Woman! nay, did you not just now too own your false step, or trip, as you call'd it? which was with a Woman too! Fy, this fooling is so insipid, 'tis offensive.

Oliv. And fooling with my Honour will be more offensive. Did you not hear my Husband say, he found me with a Woman, in Mans cloaths? And d'ye think he does not know a Man from a Woman?

Eliz. Not so well, I'm sure, as you do; therefore I'd rather take your word.

Oliv.

Oliv. What, you grow ſcurrilous, and are I find more cenſorious than the World! I muſt have a care of you, I ſee.

Eliz. No, you need not fear yet, I'll keep your ſecret.

Oliv. My ſecret! I'd have you to know, I have no need of Confidents, tho' you value your ſelf upon being a good one.

Eliz. O admirable confidence! you ſhow more in denying your wickedneſs, than other people in glorying in't.

Oliv. Confidence, to me! to me ſuch language! nay, then I'll never ſee your face again. I'll quarrel with her, that people may never believe I was in her power; but take for malice all the truth ſhe may ſpeak againſt me. [*Aſide.*] *Lettice*, where are you? let us be gone from this cenſorious ill Woman.

Eliz. Nay, thou ſhalt ſtay a little, to damn thy ſelf quite. [*Aſide.* One word firſt, pray Madam; can you ſwear that whom your Husband found with you——

Oliv. Swear! ay, that whoſoever 'twas that ſtole up, unknown, into my Room, when 'twas dark, I know not whether Man or Woman, by Heav'ns, by all that's good; or, may I never more have joys here, or in the other World: nay, may I eternally——

Eliz. Be damn'd. So, ſo, you are damn'd enough already by your Oaths; and I enough confirm'd: and now you may pleaſe to be gone. Yet take this advice with you, in this Plain-dealing Age, to leave off forſwearing your ſelf; for when People hardly think the better of a Woman for her real modeſty, why ſhou'd you put that great conſtraint upon your ſelf to feign it?

Oliv. O hideous! hideous advice! Let us go out of the hearing of it. She will ſpoil us, *Lettice.* [*Ex.* Oliv. *and* Lett. *at one door*, Eliz. *at t'other.*

The Scene changes to the Cock *in* Bow-ſtreet.
A Table and Bottles.

Manly *and* Fidelia.

Man. How! ſav'd her Honour, by making her Husband believe you were a Woman! 'twas well, but hard enough to do, ſure.

Fid. We were interrupted before he cou'd contradict me.

Man. But can't you tell me, d'ye ſay, what kind of Man he was?

Fid. I was ſo frightned, I confeſs, I can give no other account of him, but that he was pretty tall, round fac'd, and one I'm ſure I ne'er had ſeen before.

Man. But ſhe, you ſay, made you ſwear to return to night?

Fid. But I have ſince ſworn, never to go near her again; for the Husband wou'd murder me, or worſe, if he caught me again.

Man. No, I will go with you, and defend you to night, and then I'll ſwear too, never to go near her again.

Fid. Nay, indeed, Sir, I will not go, to be acceſſary to your death too: beſides, what ſhou'd you go again, Sir, for?

Man. No diſputing, or advice, Sir, you have reaſon to know I am unalterable.

alterable. Go, therefore, presently, and write her a Note to enquire if her assignation with you holds; and if not, to be at her own House where else? and be importunate to gain admittance to her to night: let your Messenger, e're he deliver your Letter, enquire first, if her Husband be gone out. Go, 'tis now almost six of the Clock; I expect you back here before seven, with leave to see her then. Go, do this dextrously, and expect the performance of my last nights promise, never to part with you.

Fid. Ay, Sir: but will you be sure to remember that?

Man. Did I never break my Word? go, no more replies, or doubts.

[*Exit* Fidelia.

Enter Freeman *to* Manly.

Where hast thou been?

Free. In the next Room, with my Lord *Plausible* and *Novel*.

Man. Ay, we came hither, because 'twas a private House; but with them indeed no House can be private, for thou hast that pretty quality of the familiar Fops of the Town, who, in an Eating-house, always keep company with all people in't, but those they came with.

Free. I went into their Room, but to keep them, and my own Fool the Squire, out of your Room; but you shall be peevish now, because you have no Money: but why the Devil won't you write to those we were speaking of? since your modesty, or your spirit, will not suffer you to speak to 'em, to lend you Money, why won't you try 'em at last, that way?

Man. Because I know 'em already, and can bear want, better than Denials; nay, than Obligations.

Free. Deny you! they cannot: all of 'em have been your intimate Friends.

Man. No, they have been People only I have oblig'd particularly.

Free. Very well; therefore you ought to go to 'em the rather, sure.

Man. No, no: those you have obliged most, most certainly avoide you, when you can oblige 'em no longer; and they take your Visits like so many Duns: Friends, like Mistresses, are avoided, for Obligations past.

Free. Pshaw! but most of 'em are your Relations; Men of great Fortune and Honour.

Man. Yes; but Relations have so much Honour, as to think Poverty taints the Blood; and disown their wanting Kindred: believing, I suppose, that, as Riches at first make a Gentleman, the want of 'em degrades him. But damn 'em, now I am poor, I'll anticipate their contempt, and disown them.

Free. But you have many a Female acqaintance, whom you have been liberal to, who may have a heart to refund to you a little, if you won'd ask it: they are not all *Olivia*'s.

Man. Damn thee! how cou'dst thou think of such a thing? I woo'd as soon rob my Footman of his Wages: Besides, 'twere in vain too: for a Wench is like a Box in an Ordinary, receive all peoples Money easily; but there's no getting, nay shaking any out again; and he that fills it, is surest never to keep the Key.

Free.

Free. Well, but noble Captain, wou'd you make me believe that you, who know half the Town, have so many Friends, and have oblig'd so many, can't borrow fifty or an hundred Pound.

Man. Why, noble Lieutenant, you who know all the Town, and call all you know Friends, methinks should not wonder at it; since you find Ingratitude too; for how many Lords Families (tho' descended from Blacksmiths or Tinkers) hast thou call'd Great and Illustrious? how many ill Tables call good eating? how many noise Coxcombs, Wits? how many pert Cocking Cowards, stout? how many tandry affected Rogues, well dress't? how many Perukes admir'd? and how many ill Verses applauded? and yet canst not borrow a shilling; dost thou expect I, who always spoke truth, shou'd?

Free. Nay, now you think you have paid me; but hear k you, Captain, I have heard of a thing call'd grinning Honour, but never of starving Honour.

Man. Well, but it has been the Fate of some brave Men: and if they won't give me a Ship again, I can go starve any where, with a Musket on my Shoulder.

Free. Give you a Ship! why, you will not solicit it?

Man. If I have not solicited it by my services, I know no other way.

Free. Your Servant, Sir; nay then I'me satisfi'd I must solicit my Widow the closer, and run the desperate fortune of Matrimony on shore [*Exit.*

Enter to Manly, Vernish.

Man. How!——Nay, here is a Friend indeed; and he that has him in his arms, can know no wants. [*Embraces* Vernish.

Ver. Dear Sir! and he that is in your arms, is secure from all fears whatever; nay, our Nation is secure by your defeat at Sea, and the *Dutch* that fought against you, have prov'd enemies to themselves only, in bringing you back to us.

Man. Fie, fie; this from a Friend? and yet from any other 'twere unsufferable: I thought I shou'd never have taken any thing ill from you.

Ver. A Friends priviledge is to speak his mind, tho' it be taken ill.

Man. But your tongue need not tell me you think too well of me; I have found it from your heart, which spoke in actions, your unalterable heart: but *Olivia* is false, my Friend, which I suppose is no News to you.

Ver. He's in the right on't. *Aside.*

Man. But coud'st thou not keep her true to me?

Ver. Not for my heart, Sir.

Man. But cou'd you not perceive it at all, before I went? cou'd she so deceive us both?

Ver. I must confess, the first time I knew it, was three days after your departure, when she receiv'd the Money you had left in *Lombard-street*, in her name; and her tears did not hinder her it seems from counting that. You wou'd trust her with all, like a true generous Lover!

Man. And she like a mean Jilting——

Ver.

Ver. Trayterous———

Man. Baſe———

Ver. Damn'd———

Man. Covetous———

Ver. Mercenary Whore———

(I can hardly hold from laughing.) [*Aſide.*

Man. Ay, a Mercenary Whore indeed, for ſhe made me pay her before I lay with her.

Ver. How!———Why, have you lay'n with her.

Man. Ay, ay.

Ver. Nay, ſhe deſerves you ſhou'd report it at leaſt, tho' you have not.

Man. Report it! by Heaven, 'tis true.

Ver. How! ſure not.

Man. I do do not uſe to lie, nor you to doubt me.

Ver. When?

Man. Laſt night, about ſeven or eight of the Clock.

Ver. Ha!—Now I remember, I thought ſhe ſpake as if ſhe expected ſome other, rather than me: A confounded Whore indeed! [*Aſide.*

Man. But what, thou wonder'ſt at it! nay you ſeem to be angry too.

Ver. I cannot but be enrag'd againſt her, for her uſage of you: damn'd, infamous, common Jade.

Man. Nay, her Cuckold, who firſt Cuckolded me in my Money, ſhall not laugh all himſelf; we will do him reaſon, ſhan't we?

Ver. Ay, ay.

Man. But thou doſt not, for ſo great a Friend, take pleaſure enough in your Friends Revenge, methinks.

Ver. Yes, yes; I'm glad to know it, ſince you have lay'n with her.

Man. Thou canſt not tell me who that Raſcal, her Cuckold is?

Ver. No.

Man. She wou'd keep it from you, I ſuppoſe.

Ver. Yes, yes———

Man. Thou woud'ſt laugh, if thou kneweſt but all the circumſtances of my having her. Come, I'll tell thee.

Ver. Dam her; I care not to hear any more of her.

Man. Faith thou ſhalt. You muſt know———

Enter Freeman *backwards, endeavouring to keep out* Novel, *Lord* Plauſible, Jerry *and* Oldfox, *who all preſs in upon him.*

Free. I tell you, he has a Wench with him, and wou'd be private.

Man. Dam 'em! a man can't open a Bottle in theſe Eating-houſes, but preſently you have theſe impudent, intruding, buzzing Flies and Inſects in your Glaſs——Well, I'll tell thee all anon. In the mean time, pr'ythee go to her, but not from me, and try if you can get her to lend me but an hundred pound of my Money, to ſupply my preſent wants; for I ſuppoſe there is no recovering any of it by Law.

Ver. Not any; think not of it: nor by this way neither.

Man.

Man. Go try, at least.

Ver. I'll go; but I can satisfie you before-hand it will be to no purpose: You'll no more find a refunding Wench———

Man. Than a refunding Lawyer; indeed their Fees alike scarce ever return: however, try her, put it to her.

Ver. Ay, ay, I'll try her, put it to her home, with a vengeance. [*Exit.* Vernish.

Manent cæteri.

Nov. Nay, you shall be our Judge, *Manly*. Come, Major, I'll speak it to your teeth: if people provoke me to say bitter things to their faces, they must take what follows; tho' like my Lord *Plausible*, I'd rather do't civilly behind their backs.

Man. Nay, thou art a dangerous Rogue, I've heard, behind a Man's back.

L. Plaus. You wrong him sure, noble Captain; he wou'd do a Man no more harm behind his back, than to his face.

Free. I am of my Lord's mind.

Man. Yes, a Fool, like a Coward, is the more to be fear'd behind a Man's back, more than a witty Man: for, as a Coward is more bloody than a brave Man, a Fool is more malicious than a Man of Wit.

Nov. A Fool, Tar———a Fool! nay, thou art a brave Sea-Judge of Wit! a Fool! pr'ythee when did you ever find me want something to say, as you do often?

Man. Nay, I confess, thou art always talking, roaring, or making a noise; that I'll say for thee.

Nov. Well, and is talking a sign of a Fool?

Man. Yes, always talking; especially too if it be loud and fast, is the sign of a Fool.

Nov. Pshaw! Talking is like Fencing, the quicker the better; run 'em down, run 'em down, no matter for parrying; push on still, sa, sa, sa: no matter whether you argue in form, push in guard, or no.

Man. Or hit, or no; I think thou always talk'st without thinking, *Novel.*

Nov. Ay, ay, study'd Play's the worse, to follow the Allegory, as the old Pedant says.

Old. A Young Fop!

Man. I ever thought the Man of most Wit had been like him of most Money, who has no vanity in shewing it every where; whilst the beggarly pusher of his Fortune, has all he has about him still, only to show.

Nov. Well, Sir, and makes a very pretty show in the World, let me tell you; nay, a better than your close Hunks: A Pox, give me ready Money in Play; what care I for a Man's Reputation? what are we the better for your substantial thrifty Curmudgeon in Wit, Sir?

Old. Thou art a profuse young Rogue indeed.

Nov. So much for talking; which I think I have prov'd a mark of VVit; and so is Railing, Roaring, and making a noise: for, Railing is Satyr,

you know; and Roaring, and making a noise, Humor.

Enter to them Fidelia, *taking* Manly *aside, and shewing him a Paper.*

Fid. The hour is betwixt seven and eight exactly; 'tis now half an hour after six.

Man. Well, go then to the Piazza, and walt for me; as soon as it is quite dark, I'll be with you: I must stay here yet a while for my Friend. But is Railing Satyr, *Novel*? [*Ex.* Fidel.

Free. And Roaring, and making a noise, Humor?

Nov. What, won't you confess there's Humor in Roaring, and making a noise?

Free. No.

Nov. Nor in cutting Napkins and Hangings?

Man. No sure.

Nov. Dull Fops!

Old. O Rogue, Rogue, insipid Rogue! Nay, Gentlemen, allow him those things for Wit; for his parts lye only that way.

Nov. Peace, old Fool, I wonder not at thee; but that young Fellows shou'd be so dull, as to say, there's no Humor in making a noise, and breaking Windows! I tell you, there's Wit and Humor too, in both; And a Wit is as well known by his Frolick, as by his Simile.

Old. Pure Rogue! there's your modern Wit for you! Wit and Humor, in breaking of VVindows! There's Mischief, if you will; but no VVit or Humor.

Nov. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee peace, old Fool. I tell you, where there is Mischief, there's VVit. Don't we esteem the Monkey a VVit amongst Beasts, only because he's mischievous? And let me tell you, as good Nature is a sign of a Fool, being mischievous, is a sign of VVit.

Old. O Rogue, Rogue! pretend to be a Wit, by doing Mischief and Railing!

Nov. Why, thou old Fool, hast no other pretence to the name of a VVit, but by railing at new Plays.

Old. Thou, by Railing at that facetious, noble way of Wit, quibling.

Nov. Thou call'st thy dulness, gravity; and thy dozing, thinking.

Old. You, Sir, your dulness Spleen: And you talk much, and say nothing.

Nov. Thou read'st much, and understand'st nothing, Sir.

Old. You laugh loud, and break no Jest.

Nov. You rail, and no body hangs himself: And thou hast nothing of the Satyr, but in thy Face.

Old. And you have no jest, but your Face, Sir.

Nov. Thou art an illiterate Pedant.

Old. Thou art a Fool, with a bad Memory.

Man. Come, a Pox on you both, you have done like Wits now; for you Wits, when you quarrel, never give over till ye prove one another Fools.

Nov. And you Fools have never any occasion of laughing at us Wits, but when

when we quarrel: therefore let us be Friends, *Olivia.*

Man. They are such Wits as thou art, who make the name of a Wit as scandalous, as that of Bully; and signifie a loud-laughing, talking, incorrigible Coxcomb; as Bully, a roaring, hardned Coward.

Free. And wou'd have his noise and laughter pass for Wit; as t'other his huffing and blustring, for Courage.

Enter Vernish.

Man. Gentlemen, with your leave, here is one I wou'd speak with, and I have nothing to say to you. [*Puts 'em out of the Room.*

Manent Manly, Vernish.

Ver. I told you 'twas in vain, to think of getting Money out of her: she says, if a shilling wou'd do't, she wou'd not save you from starving, or hanging, or what you wou'd think worse, begging or flattering; and rails so at you, one wou'd not think you had lay'n with her.

Man. O, Friend, never trust for that matter; a Womans railing; for she is no less a dissembler in her hatred, than her love: And as her fondness of her Husband is a sign he's a Cuckold, her railing at another Man is a sign she lies with him.

Ver. He's in the right on't: I know not what to trust to. [*Aside.*

Man. But you did not take any notice of it to her, I hope?

Ver. So!——Sure he is afraid I shou'd have disproved him, by an enquiry of her: all may be well yet. [*Aside.*

Man. What hast thou in thy head, that makes thee seem so unquiet?

Ver. Only this base, impudent Woman's falsenes: I cannot put her out of my head.

Man. O my dear Friend, be not you too sensible of my wrongs, for then I shall feel 'em too, with more pain, and think 'em unsufferable. Dam her, her Money, and that ill-natur'd Whore too, Fortune her self; but if thou wou'dst ease a little my present trouble, pr'ythee go to borrow me somewhere else, some Money: I can trouble thee.

Ver. You trouble me indeed, most sensibly, when you command me any thing I cannot do: I have lately lost a great deal of Money at Play, more than I can yet pay; so that not only my Money, but my Credit too is gone, and know not where to borrow; but cou'd rob a Church for you. (Yet wou'd rather end your wants, by cutting your throat.) [*Aside.*

Man. Nay, then I doubly feel my poverty, since I'm incapable of supplying thee. [*Embraces* Vernish.

Ver. But, methinks, she that granted you the last favour, (as they call it) shou'd not deny you any thing——

Nov. Hey, Tarpaulin, have you done? [*Novel looks in, and retires again.*

Ver. I understand not that point of kindness, I confess.

Man. No, thou dost not understand it, and I have not time to let you know all now, for these Fools, you see, will interrupt us; but anon, at Sup-

per, we'll laugh at leisure together, at *Olivia*'s Cuckold; who took a young Fellow, that goes between his Wife and me, for a Woman.

Ver. Ha!

Man. Senseless, easie Rascal! 'twas no wonder she chose him for a Husband; but she thought him, I thank her, fitter than me, for that blind, bearing Office.

Ver. I cou'd not be deceiv'd in that long Woman's hair ty'd up behind; nor those infallible proofs, her ponting, swelling breasts: I have handled too many sure not to know 'em. [*Aside.*

Man. What, you wonder the Fellow cou'd be such a blind Coxcomb!

Ver. Yes, yes—— [*Novel looks in again, and retires.*

Nov. Nay, pr'ythee, come to us, *Manly*; Gad, all the fine things one says, in their company, are lost, without thee.

Man. Away, Fop; I'm busie yet.

You see we cannot talk here at our ease; besides, I must be gone immediately, in order to meeting with *Olivia* again to night.

Ver. To night! it cannot be, sure——

Man. I had an appointment just now from her.

Ver. For what time?

Man. At half an hour after seven precisely.

Ver. Don't you apprehend the Husband?

Man. He! snivelling Gull! he a thing to be fear'd! a Husband, the tamest of Creatures!

Ver. Very fine! [*Aside.*

Man. But, pr'ythee, in the mean time, go try to get me some Money. Tho' thou art too modest to borrow for thy self, thou can'st do any thing for me, I know. Go; for I must be gone to *Olivia*; go, and meet me here anon.——*Freeman*, where are you? [*Exit* Manly.

Enter Vernish.

Ver. Ay, I'll meet with you, I warrant; but it shall be at *Olivia*'s. Sure it cannot be; she denies it so calmly; and with that honest, modest assurance, it can't be true— and he does not use to lye——but belying a Woman, when she won't be kind, is the only lye a brave Man will least scruple. But then the Woman in Mans cloaths, whom he calls a Man!——well, but, by her Breasts, I know her to be a Woman:——But then, again, his appointment from her, to meet with him to night! I am distracted more with doubt, than jealousie. Well, I have no way to disabuse or revenge my self, but by going home immediately, puting on a riding Suit, and pretending to my Wife the same business which carry'd me out of Town last, requires me again to go Post to *Oxford* to night; then, if the appointment he boasts of be true, it's sure to hold; and I shall have an opportunity either of clearing her, or revenging my self on both. Perhaps she is his Wench, of an old date, and I am his Cully, whil'st I think him mine; and he has seem'd to make his Wench rich, only that I might take her off his hands; or if he has but lately lay'n with her, he must needs discover, by her, my treachery to him; which I'm

I'm ſure he will revenge with my death, and which I muſt prevent with his, if it were only but for fear of his too juſt reproaches; for, I muſt confeſs I never had till now any excuſe, but that of int'reſt, for doing ill to him.

[*Exit* Verniſh.

Re-enter Manly *and* Freeman.

Man. Come hither, only, I ſay, be ſure you miſtake not the time; you know the houſe exactly where *Olivia* lodges: 'tis juſt hard by.

Free. Yes, yes.

Man. Well then, bring 'em all, I ſay, thither, and all you know that may be then in the houſe; for the more Witneſſes I have of her infamy, the greater will be my Revenge: and be ſure you come ſtreight up to her Chamber, without more ado. Here, take the Watch: you ſee 'tis above a quarter paſt ſeven; be there in half an hour exactly.

Free. You need not doubt my diligence, or dexterity; I am an old Scowrer, and can naturally beat up a Wenches quarters that won't be civil. Shan't we break her Windows too?

Man. No, no: be punctual only. [*Ex. ambo.*

Enter Widow Blackacre, *and two* Knights *of the Poſt, a* Waiter *with Wine.*

Wid. Sweet-heart, are you ſure the door was ſhut cloſe, that none of thoſe Royſters ſaw us come in?

Wait. Yes, Miſtreſs; and you ſhall have a privater Room above, inſtantly. [*Exit* Wait.

Wid. You are ſafe enough, Gentlemen, for I have been private in this houſe e're now, upon other occaſions, when I was ſomething younger. Come, Gentlemen, in ſhort, I leave my buſineſs to your care and fidelity: and ſo, here's to you.

1 *Knight.* We are ungrateful Rogues, if we ſhou'd not be honeſt to you; for we have had a great deal of your Money.

Wid. And you have done me many a good job for't: and ſo, here's to you again.

2 *Knight.* Why, we have been perjur'd but ſix times for you.

1 *Knight.* Forg'd but four Deeds, with your Husbands laſt Deed of Gift.

2 *Knight.* And but three Wills.

1 *Knight.* And counterfeited Hands and Seals to ſome ſix Bonds; I think that's all, Brother.

Wid. Ay, that's all, Gentlemen; and ſo, here's to you again.

2 *Knight.* Nay, 'twou'd do ones heart good to be forſworn for you: you have a Conſcience in your ways, and pay us well.

1 *Knight.* You are in the right on't, Brother; one wou'd be damn'd for her, with all ones heart.

2 *Knight.* But there are Rogues, who make us forſworn for 'em; and when we come to be paid, they'll be forſworn too, and not pay us our wages which they promis'd with Oaths ſufficient.

1 *Knight.* Ay, a great Lawyer, that ſhall be blameleſs, Bilkt me too.

Wid.

Wid. That was hard, methinks, that a Lawyer shou'd use Gentlemen VVitnesses no better.

1 *Knight.* A Lawyer! d'ye wonder a Lawyer shou'd do't? I was bilk'd by a Reverend Divine, that preaches twice on Sundays, and prays half an hour still before dinner.

Wid. How? a Conscientious Divine, and not pay people for damning themselves! Sure then, for all his talking, he does not believe damnation. But come, to our Business: pray be sure to imitate exactly the flourish at the end of this name. [*Pulls out a Deed or two.*

1 *Knight.* O he's the best in *England*, at untangling a flourish, Madam.

Wid. And let not the Seal be a jot bigger: observe well the dash too, at the end of this name.

2 *Knight.* I warrant you, Madam.

Wid. VVell, these, and many other shifts, poor VVidows are put to sometimes; for every body wou'd be riding a VVidow, as they say, and breaking into her Jointure: they think marrying a VVidow an ease business, like leaping the Hedge, where another has gone over before; a VVidow is a meer gap, a gap with them.

Enter to them Major Oldfox, *with two* VVaiters.

[*The Knights of the Post huddle up the Writings.*

VVhat, he here! go then, go, my hearts, you have your instructions. [*Ex. Knights of the Post.*

Old. Come, Madam, to be plain with you, I'll be fob'd off no longer. I'll bind her and gag her, but she shall hear me. [*Aside.*

Look you, Friends, there's the Money I promis'd you; and now do you what you promis'd me: here are my Garters, and here's a Gag: you shall be acquainted with my parts, Lady, you shall.

Wid. Acquainted with your parts! A Rape, a Rape—— VVhat, will you ravish me? [*The Waiters tye her to the Chair, and gag her, and Ex.*

Old. Yes, Lady, I will ravish you; but it shall be through the Ear, Lady, the Ear only, with my well pen'd Acrosticks.

Enter to them Freeman, Jerry Blackacre, *three* Bayliffs, *a Constable, and his Assistants, with the two Knights of the Post.*

VVhat, shall I never read my things undisturb'd again?

Jer. O Law! my Mother bound hand and foot, and gaping, as if she rose before her time to day!

Free. VVhat means this, *Oldfox?* But I'll release you from him: you shall be no Man's Prisoner, but mine. Bayliffs, execute your VVrit. [*Freeman unties her.*

Old. Nay, then I'll be gone, for fear of being Bayl, and paying her Debts, without being her Husband. [*Ex.* Oldfox.

1 *Bay.* VVe arrest you in the King's name, at the suit of Mr. *Freeman*, Guardian to *Jeremiah Blackacre* Esq; in an Action of ten thousand pounds.

Wid.

Wid. How, how! in a Cheak-Bayl Action! What, and the Pell and Ink Gentlemen, taken too! have you confeſt, you Rogues?

1 *Knight.* We needed not to confeſs; for the Bayliffs dog'd us hither to the very door, and over-heard all that you and we ſaid.

Wid. Undone, undone then! no Man was ever too hard for me till now. *Jerry*, Child, wilt thou vex again the Womb that bore thee?

Jer. Ay, for bearing me before Wedlock, as you ſay: But I'll teach you to call a *Blackacre* a Baſtard, tho' you were never ſo much my Mother.

Wid. Well, I'm undone; not one trick left? no Law-Meuſh imaginable? [*Aſide.* Cruel Sir, a word with you, I pray.

Free. In vain, Madam; for you have no other way to releaſe your ſelf, but by the Bonds of Matrimony!

Wid. How, Sir, how! that were but to ſue out an *Habeas Corpus*, for a removal from one Priſon to another. Matrimony!

Free. Well, Bayliffs, away with her.

Wid. O ſtay, Sir, can you be ſo cruel, as to bring me under Covert Baron again? and put it out of my power to ſue in my own name. Matrimony to a Woman is worſe than Excommunication, in depriving her of the benefit of the Law: and I wou'd rather be depriv'd of life. But hearkyou, Sir, I am contented you ſhou'd hold and enjoy my perſon by Leaſe or Patent; but not by the ſpiritual Patent, call'd a Licence; that is, to have the priviledges of a Husband, without the dominion; that is, *Durante beneplacito*: in conſideration of which, I will out of my Jointure, ſecure you an Annuity of three hundred pounds a Year, and pay your debts; and that's all you younger Brothers deſire to marry a Widow for, I'm ſure.

Free. Well, Widow, if——

Jer. What, I hope, Bully-Guardian, you are not making Agreements without me?

Free. No, no. Firſt, Widow, you muſt ſay no more that he is the Son of a Whore: have a care of that: And then, he muſt have a ſetled Exhibition of forty Pounds a Year, and a Nag of Aſſizes, kept by you, but not upon the Common; and have free ingreſs, egreſs and regreſs to and from your Maids Garret.

Wid. Well, I can grant all that too.

Jer. Ay, ay, fair words butter no Cabbage; but Guardian make her Sign, Sign and Seal: for otherwiſe, if you knew her as well as I, you wou'd not truſt her word for a farthing.

Free. I warrant thee, Squire. Well, Widow, ſince thou art ſo generous, I will be generous too; and if you'll ſecure me Four hundred pounds a Year, but during your life, and pay my Debts, not above a thouſand pound; I'll bate you your Perſon to diſpoſe of as you pleaſe.

Wid. Have a care, Sir, a Settlement without a conſideration, is void in the Law: you muſt do ſomething for't.

Free. Pr'ythee then let the Settlement on me be call'd Alimony: and the Conſideration, our Separation: Come, my Lawyer, with Writings ready drawn, is within, and in haſte. Come.

Wid.

Wid. But, what, no other kind of consideration, Mr. *Freeman*? well, a Widow, I see, is a kind of *fine cure*, by custom of which the unconscionable incumbent enjoys the profits, without any duty, but does that still elsewhere.

[*Ex. omnes.*

The Scene changes to Olivia's Lodging.

Enter Olivia *with a Candle in her hand.*

Oliv. So, I am now prepar'd once more for my timorous young Lover's Reception: my Husband is gone; and go thou out too, thou next interrupter of love——[*Puts out the Candle.*] Kind darkness, that frees us Lovers from scandal and bashfulness, from the censure of our Gallants, and the World. So, are you there?

Enter to Olivia, Fidelia, *follow'd softly by* Manly.

Come, my dear punctual Lover, there is not such another in the World; thou hast Beauty and Youth to please a Wife; Address and Wit, to amuse and fool a Husband; nay, thou hast all things to be wish'd in a Lover, but your Fits: I hope, my Dear, you won't have one to night; and that you may not, I'll lock the door, though there be no need of it, but to lock out your Fits; for my Husband is just gone out of Town again. Come, where are you?

[*Goes to the door, and locks it.*

Man. Well, thou hast impudence enough to give me Fits too, and make Revenge it self impotent, hinder me from making thee more infamous, if it can be.

[*Aside.*

Oliv. Come, come, my Soul, come.

Fid. Presently, my Dear, we have time enough, sure.

Oliv. How! time enough! True Lovers can no more think they ever have time enough, than Love enough: You shall stay with me all night; but that is but a Lover's moment. Come.

Fid. But won't you let me give you and my self the satisfaction of telling you how I abus'd your Husband last night?

Oliv. Not when you can give me, and your self too, the satisfaction of abusing him again, to night. Come.

Fid. Let me but tell you how your Husband——

Oliv. O name not his, or *Manly*'s more loathsom name, if you love me; I forbid 'em last night: and you know I mention'd my Husband but once, and he came. No talking, pray; 'twas ominous to us. You make me fancy a noise at the door already, but I'm resolv'd not to be interrupted! [*A noise at the door.*] Where are you? Come; for, rather than lose my dear expectation now, tho' my Husband were at the door, and the bloody Ruffian *Manly* here in the room, with all his awful insolence, I wou'd give my self to this dear hand, to be led away, to Heavens of joys, which none but thou canst give. But what's this noise at the door? So, I told you what talking wou'd come to. [*The noise at the door increases.*] Ha!—O Heavens, my Husbands voice!——

[Olivia *listens at the door.*

Man. *Freeman* is come too soon.

[*Aside.*

Oliv. O, 'tis he!—Then here's the happiest minute lost, that ever bash-

ful

ful Boy, or trifling Woman fool'd away! I'm undone! my Husbands reconcilement too was false, as my joy, all delusion: but come this way, here's a Back-door. [*Exit, and returns.*

The officious Jade has lock'd us in, instead of locking others out; but let us then escape your way, by the Balcony; and whil'st you pull down the Curtains, I'll fetch from my Closet, what next will best secure our escape: I have left my Key in the door, and 'twill not suddenly be broke open. [*Exit.*

[*A noise as it were people forcing the door.*

Man. Stir not, yet fear nothing.

Fid. Nothing, but your life, Sir.

Man. We shall know this happy Man she calls Husband.

Olivia *re-enters.*

Oliv. Oh, where are you? what, idle with fear? Come, I'll tie the Curtains, if you will hold. Here, take this Cabinet and Purse, for it is thine, if we escape; [Manly *takes from her the Cabinet and Purse.* therefore let us make haste. [*Ex* Oliv.

Man. 'Tis mine indeed now again, and it shall never escape more from me, to you at least.

[*The door broke open, Enter* Vernish *alone, with a dark Lanthorn and a Sword, running at* Manly; *who draws, puts by the thrust, and defends himself, whil'st* Fidelia *runs at* Vernish *behind.*

Ver. So, there I'm right sure—— [*With a low voice.*

Man. Softly. Sword and dark Lanthorn, Villain, are some odds; but—

Ver. Odds! I'm sure I find more odds than I expected: what, has my insatiable two Seconds at once? but—— [*With a low voice.*

[*Whil'st they fight* Olivia *re-enters, tying two Curtains together.*

Oliv. Where are you now?——what, is he entred then, and are they fighting! O do not kill one that can make no defence. [Manly *throws* Vernish *down, and disarms him.*] How! but I think he has the better on't: here's his Scarff, 'tis he. So, keep him down still: I hope thou hast no hurt, my dearest? [*Embracing* Manly.

Enter to them Freeman, *Lord* Plausible, Novel, Jerry Blackacre, *and the Widow* Blackacre, *lighted in by the two* Sailors *with Torches.*

Ha!——what?——*Manly!* And have I been thus concern'd for him, embracing him! And has he his Jewels again too? what means this? O 'tis too sure, as well as my shame! which I'll go hide for ever.

[*Offers to go out, and* Manly *stops her.*

Man. No, my dearest, after so much kindness as has past between us, I cannot part with you yet. *Freeman*, let no body stir out of the Room; for notwithstanding your lights, we are yet in the dark, till this Gentleman please to turn his face—— [*Pulls* Vernish *by the sleeve.*

How! *Vernish!* Art thou the happy man then? Thou! Thou! speak, I say; but thy guilty silence tells me all——well, I shall not upbraid thee; for

my wonder is ſtriking me as dumb, as thy ſhame has made thee. But what? my little Volunteer hurt, and fainting!

Fid. My wound, Sir, is but a ſlight one, in my Arm: 'tis only my fear of your danger, Sir, not yet well over.

Man. But what's here? more ſtrange things! [*Obſerving* Fidelia's *hair unty'd behind, and without a Peruke, which ſhe loſt in the ſcuffle.* What means this long Womans hair! and face! now all of it appears too beautiful for a Man; which I ſtill thought womaniſh indeed! what, you have not deceiv'd me too, my little Volunteer?

Oliv. Me ſhe has, I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*

Man. Speak.

Enter Eliza, *and* Lettice.

Eliz. What, Couſin, I am brought hither by your Woman, I ſuppoſe, to be a witneſs of the ſecond vindication of your Honour?

Oliv. Inſulting is not generous: You might ſpare me, I have you.

Eliz. Heve a care, Couſin, you'll confeſs anon too much; and I wou'd not have your ſecrets.

Man. Come, your bluſhes anſwer me ſufficiently, and you have been my Volunteer in love. [*To* Fidelia.

Fid. I muſt confeſs, I needed no compulſion to follow you all the World over; which I attempted in this habit, partly out of ſhame to own my love to you, and fear of a greater ſhame, your refuſal of it: for I knew of your engagement to this Lady, and the conſtancy of your nature; which nothing cou'd have alter'd, but her ſelf.

Man. Dear Madam, I deſir'd you to bring me out of confuſion, and you have given me more: I know not what to ſpeak to you, or how to look upon you; the ſenſe of my rough, hard, and ill uſage of you, (tho' chiefly your own fault) gives me more pain now 'tis over, than you had, when you ſuffer'd it: and if my heart, the refuſal of ſuch a Woman, [*Pointing to* Olivia] were not a Sacrifice to prophane your love, and a greater wrong to you than ever yet I did you; I wou'd beg of you to receive it, tho' you us'd it, as ſhe had done; for tho' it deſerv'd not from her the treatment ſhe gave it, it does from you.

Fid. Then it has had puniſhment ſufficient from her already, and needs no more from me; and, I muſt confeſs, I wou'd not be the only cauſe of making you break your laſt night Oath to me, of never parting with me: if you do not forget, or repent it.

Man. Then take for ever my heart, and this with it; [*Gives her the Cabinet*] for 'twas given to you before, and my heart was before your due; I only beg leave to diſpoſe of theſe few——Here, Madam, I never yet left my Wench unpaid. [*Takes ſome of the Jewels, and offers 'em to* Olivia; *ſhe ſtrikes 'em down:* Plauſible *and* Novel *take 'em up.*

Oliv. So it ſeems by giving her the Cabinet.

L. Plauſ. The Pendants appertain to your moſt faithful humble Servant.

Nov. And this Locket is mine; my earneſt for love, which ſhe never paid: therefore my own again.

Wid. By what Law, Sir, pray? Couſin *Olivia*, a word: What do they make

make a seisure on your Goods and Chattels, *vi & armis*? Make your demand, I say, and bring your Trover, I'll follow the Law for you.

Oliv. And I my Revenge. [*Exit* Oliv.

Man. to *Ver.* But 'tis my Friend, in your consideration most, that I wou'd have return'd part of your Wife's portion; for 'twere hard to take all from thee, since thou hast paid so dear for't, in being such a Rascal: yet thy Wife is a Fortune without a Portion; and thou art a man of that extraordinary merit in Villany, the World and Fortune can never desert thee, tho' I do; therefore be not melancholy. Fare you well, Sir. [*Ex.* Vernish *doggedly.* Now, Madam, I beg your pardon, [*Turning to* Fidelia] for lessening the Present I made you; but my heart can never be lessen'd: this, I confess, was too small for you before; for you deserve the *Indian* World; and I wou'd now go thither out of covetousness for your sake only.

Fid. Your heart, Sir, is a Present of that value, I can never make any return to't; [*Pulling* Manly *from the Company*] but I can give you back such a Present as this, which I got by the loss of my Father, a Gentleman of the North, of no mean Extraction, whose only Child I was, therefore left me in the present possession of Two thousand Pounds a Year; which I left, with multitudes of Pretenders, to follow you, Sir; having in several publick places seen you, and observ'd your actions throughly, with admiration, when you were too much in love to take notice of mine, which yet was but too visible. The name of my Family is *Grey*; my other *Fidelia*: the rest of my Story you shall know when I have fewer Auditors.

Man. Nay, now, Madam, you have taken from me all power of making you any complement on my part; for I was going to tell you, that for your sake only, I wou'd quit the unknown pleasure of a retirement; and rather stay in this ill VVorld of ours still, tho' odious to me, than give you more frights again at Sea, and make again too great a venture there, in you alone. But if I shou'd tell you now all this, and that your virtue (since greater than I thought any was in the VVorld) had now reconcil'd me to't, my Friend here wou'd say, 'tis your Estate that has made me Friends with the World.

Free. I must confess, I shou'd; for I think most of out quarrels to the VVorld, are just such as we have to a handsom Woman: only because we cannot enjoy her, as we won'd do.

Man. Nay, if thou art a *Plain dealer* too, give me thy hand; for now I'll say, I am thy Friend indeed: And for your sakes, tho' I have been so lately deceiv'd in Friends of both Sexes;

I will believe there are now in the World
Good-natur'd Friends, who are not Prostitutes,
And handsom Women worthy to be Friends:
Yet, for my sake, let no one e're confide
In Tears, or Oaths, in Love, or Friend untry'd. [*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE, Spoken by the *Widow Blackacre.*

TO you the Judges learned in Stage-Laws,
Our Poet now, by me, submits his Cause;
For with young Judges, such as most of you,
The Men by Women best their business do:
And, truth on't is, if you did not sit here,
To keep for us a Term throughout the Year,
We cou'd not live by't Tongues: nay, but for you,
Our Chamber-practice wou'd be little too.
And 'tis not only the Stage-practiser
Who, by your meeting, gets her living here;
For, as in Hall of Westminster,
Sleek Semstress vents, amidst the Courts, her Ware:
So, while we baul, and you in Judgment sit,
The Visor-Mask sells Linen too i'th' Pit.
O many of your Friends, besides us here,
Do live by putting off their sev'ral Ware.
Here's daily done the great affair o'th' Nation:
Let Love and Us then, ne're have Long-vacation.
But hold; like other Pleaders, I have done
Not my poor Client's bus'ness, but my own.
Spare me a word then, now, for him. First know
Squires of the Long Robe, he does humbly shew
He has a just Right in abusing you;
Because he is a Brother-Templar *too:*
For at the Bar, you rally one another;
Nay Fool and Knave, is swallow'd from a Brother:
If not the Poet here, the Templar *spare;*
And maul him, when you catch him at the Bar.
From you, our common modish Censurers,
Your Favour, not your Judgment, 'tis he fears:
Of all Loves begs you then to Rail, find fault:
For Plays, like Women, by the World are thought
When you speak kindly of 'em) very naught.